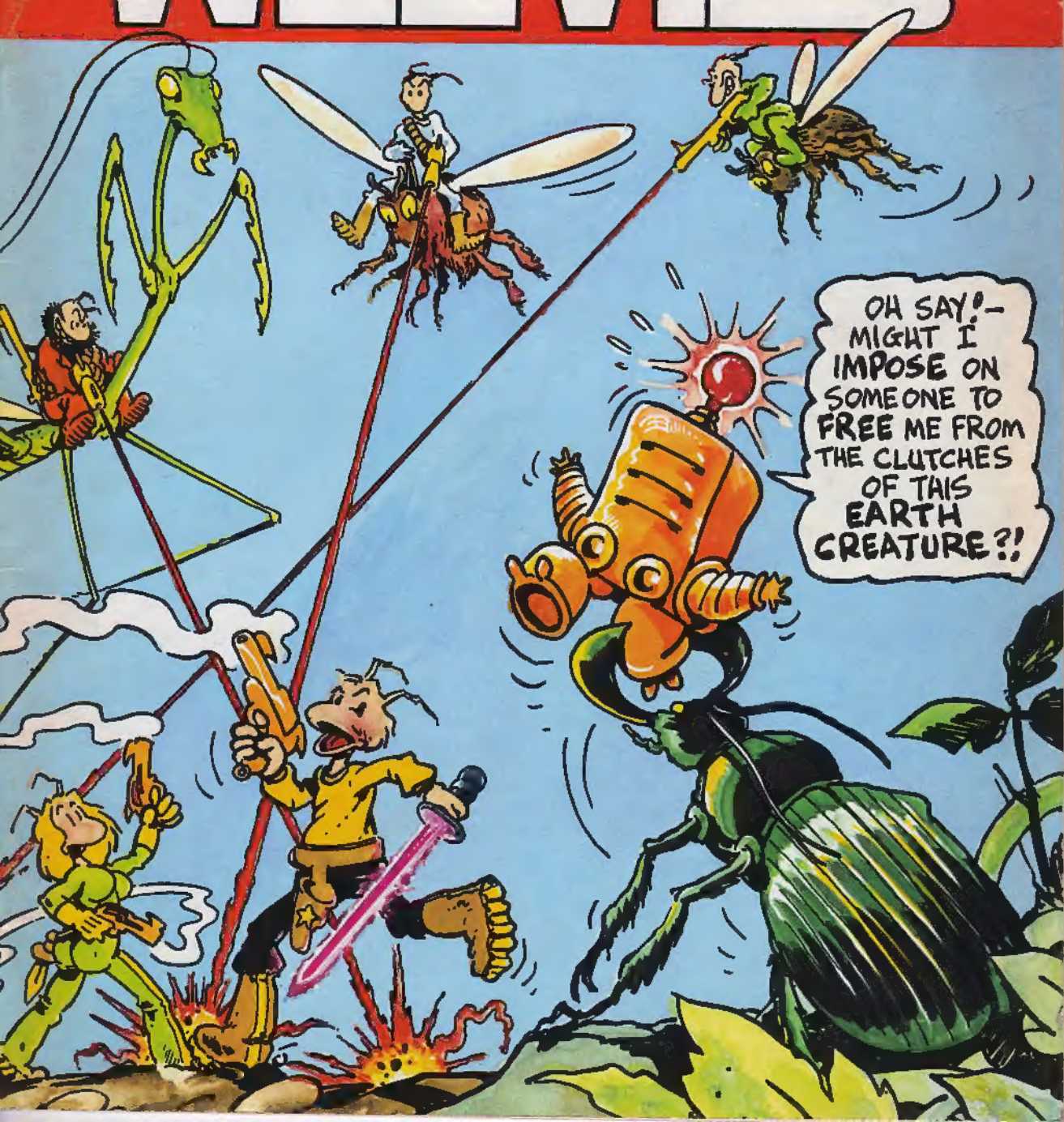


another
RIP OFF
PRESS
BLOCK-
BUSTER!

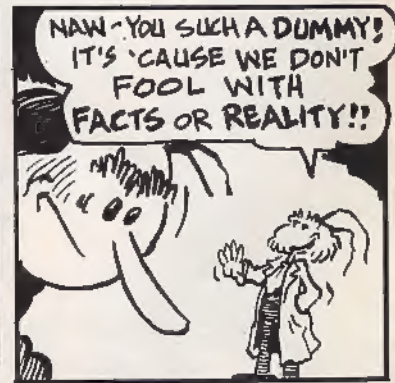
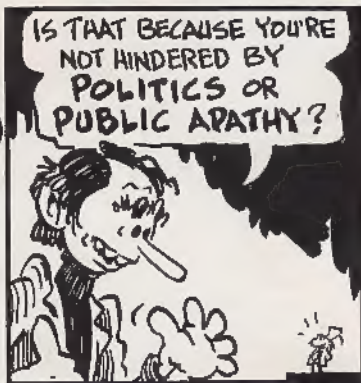
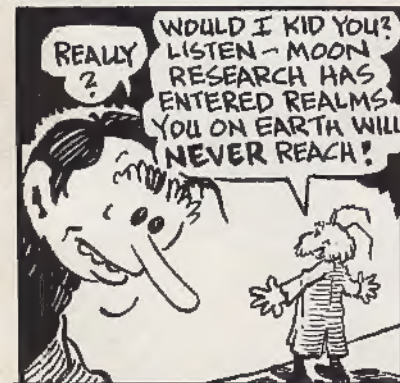
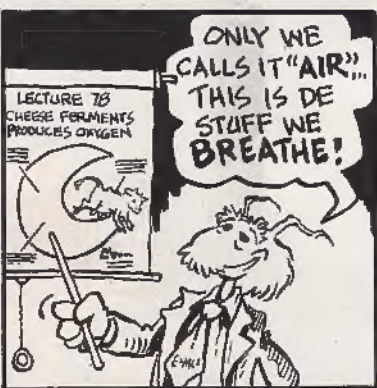
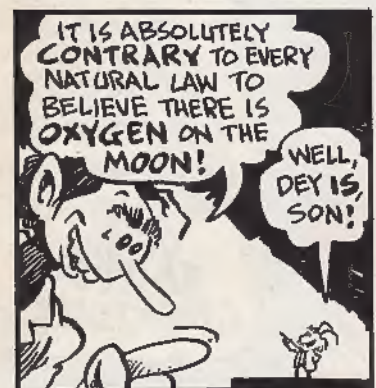
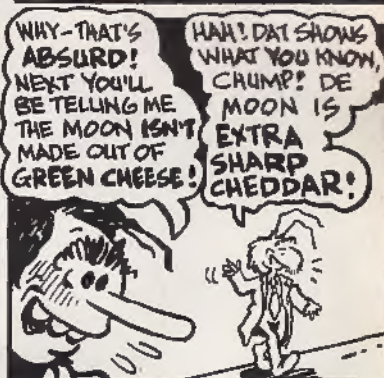
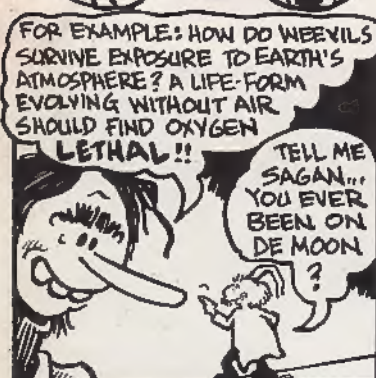
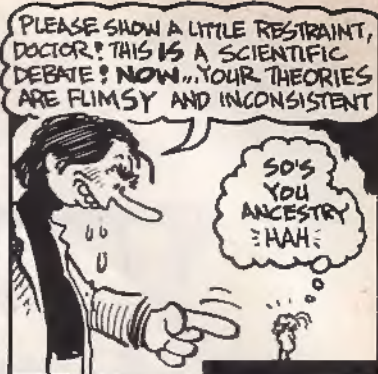
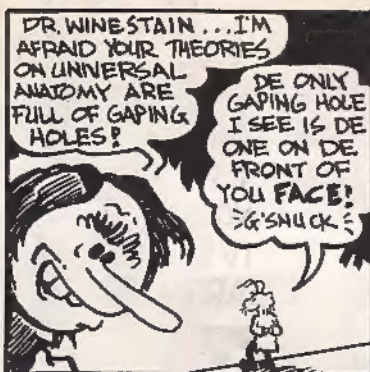
j. michael leonard's

\$1.00

STAR WEEEVILS



TO CARRY US INTO TONIGHT'S PROGRAM, WE PRESENT NOTED EARTH ASTRONOMER AND EXPERT IN HIS FIELD, CARL SAGAN, DEBATING THE "ANALYTICAL IMPLICATIONS OF A TERRA-LUNAR CONFLICT AS PERTAINS TO YOUR AVERAGE POINTY-HEAD" WITH DR. ELBOW WINESTAIN OF THE MOON....

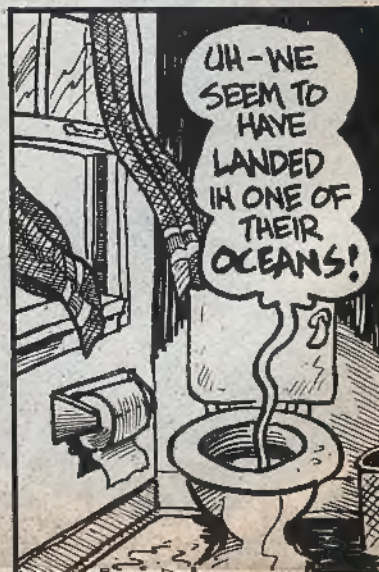
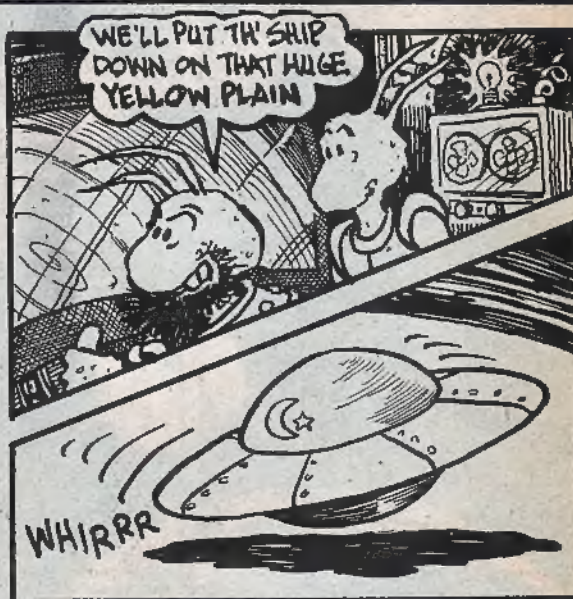
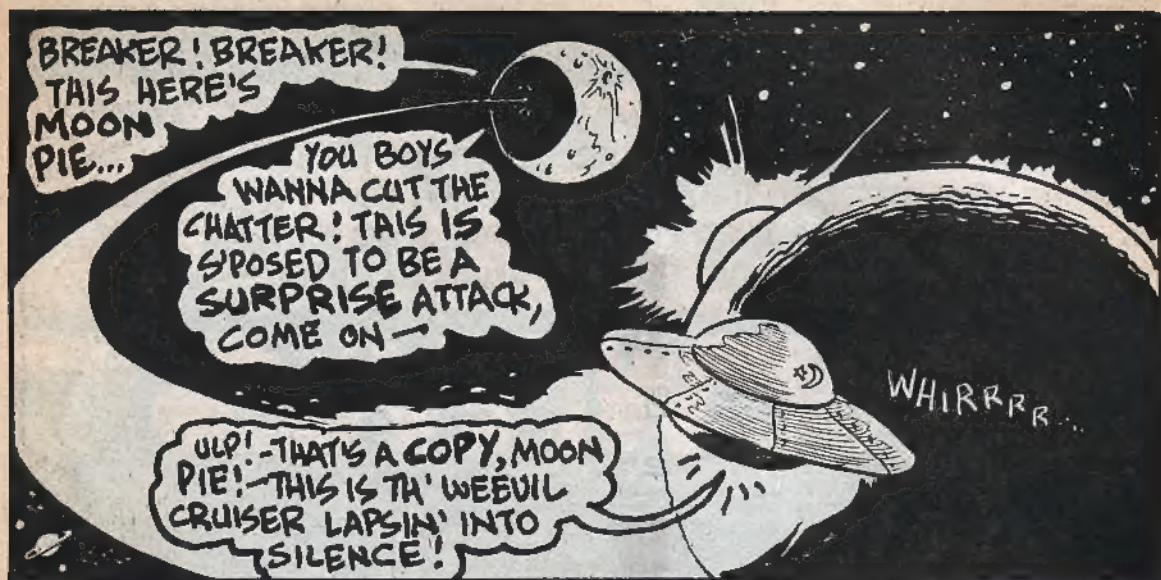


FOR EONS, THE ALIENS FROM THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON HAVE BEEN WATCHING EARTH THROUGH TINY TELESCOPES, WAITING FOR THE DAY THEY WOULD ATTACK OUR PLANET!—NOW AT LAST, THAT DAY HAS ARRIVED AS WE FIND A MOON SAUCER SNEAKING UP ON THE EARTH FROM BEHIND...

STARWEEVILS

J. MICHAEL LEONARD







A'RITE, TROOP!
KNOCK OFF TH'
FOOLISHNESS
AN' ASSEMBLE!



OSERB AN' GORT-STAND
GUARD HERE! XAVIER,
WALK TH' POINT! -
BOYS... WE'RE GOING
OUT HUNTIN'
EARTHIE!



SET YER
BLASTERS
FOR "FRY
THEIR
BRAINS OUT"...



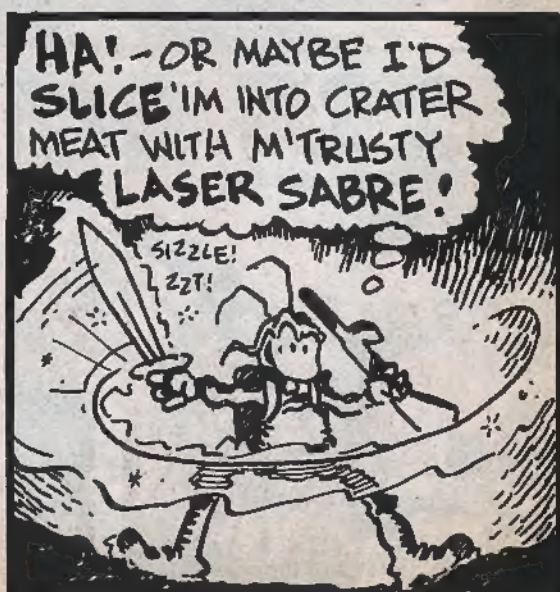
XAVIER WALKS THE POINT,
PREPARING FOR A CLOSE
ENCOUNTER OF THE LAST KIND...

EARTHIES!
HAH!
JES LET
ME
FIND
ONE!



I'D BLAST TH' MOTHER
RIGHT 'TWEEN TH'
EYES!!

J'EET!
J'EET!



HA! - OR MAYBE I'D
SLICE 'IM INTO CRATER
MEAT WITH M'TRUSTY
LASER SABRE!

SIZZLE!
ZZT!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE SKIPPER HAS PENETRATED DEEP INTO THE CITY DUMP...



WE GOTTA FIND OUR POINT-MAN!—DUNBAR, YOU AN' JONES KEEP AN EYE ON THIS FELLER...



DON'T WORRY—HE AIN'T GONNA BITE YA!

ALL THIS BUSINESS OF HUNTIN' FOR EARTHIES... IT GIVES ME THE WILLIES!!

AWW—QUIT YER BELLY-ACHING!



BUT—ALL TH' SCI FI MOVIES SHOW EARTHIES AS BUG-EYED MONSTERS WITH HUNDREDS OF LEGS AN' POINTED TEETH! WHAT IF... WHAT IF...?



JONES, THAT'S SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! DR. WINESTAIN STATES IN HIS "COSMIC ANATOMY" THAT ALL LIFE IS WEEVILOID... WHA?



BUT ON TH' OTHER HAND... I NEVER DID CARE MUCH FOR WINESTAIN'S CRACK-POT THEORIES !!!



EA-2

SKIPPER! OH GOD-SKIPPER!
GREAT OL' BIG BUG-EYE MONSTER!
HUN'DRET LEGS! POINTY TEETH!

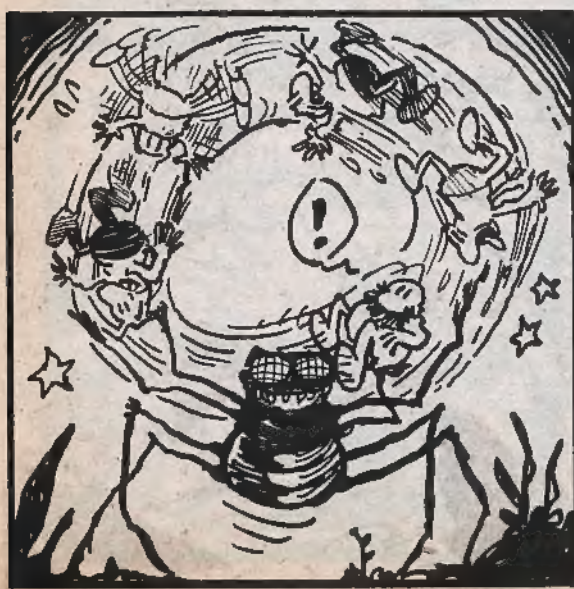
SKIPPER! OH GOD-SKIPPER!!



SNAP OUT OF IT, JONES!
HYSTERIA HAS NO PLACE
IN THE RANKS!



FACE FRONT, ALL OF YA! WHAT
HAVE I GOT HERE? A BUNCH OF
GIRLS? LES' GET SERIOUS!
ARE WE CRATER RATS OR
ARE WE WEEVILS—



UH-COME T'I THINK OF IT...THERE
WERE A COUPLE OF CRATER
RATS ON MY MOM'S SIDE
OF TH' FAMILY...





**MORE FROM THE
SKIPPER LATER!
-BACK AT THE
CRUISER, GORT
EMBARKS ON A
"SEARCH AND
DESTROY"
MISSION...**

**BE SURE
TO REPORT
IN EVERY
HOUR, GORT!**

OH WOE
OH WOE

**CALAMITY! ADVERSITY!
WHY O' WHY MUST THERE
ALWAYS BE CONFLICT?!**

HELLO-WHAT'S
THIS...?

WHAT INDEED, GORT-!

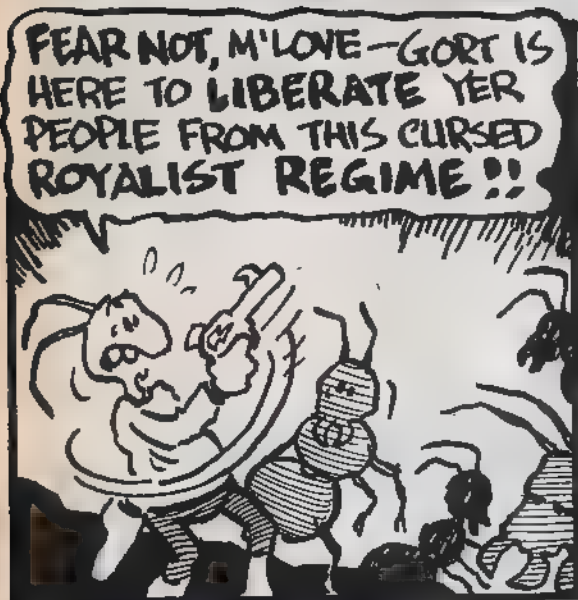
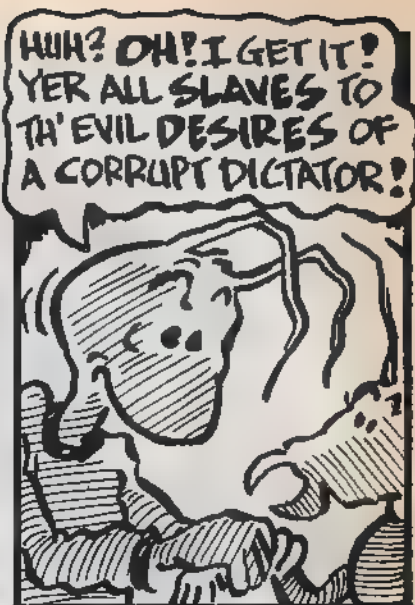
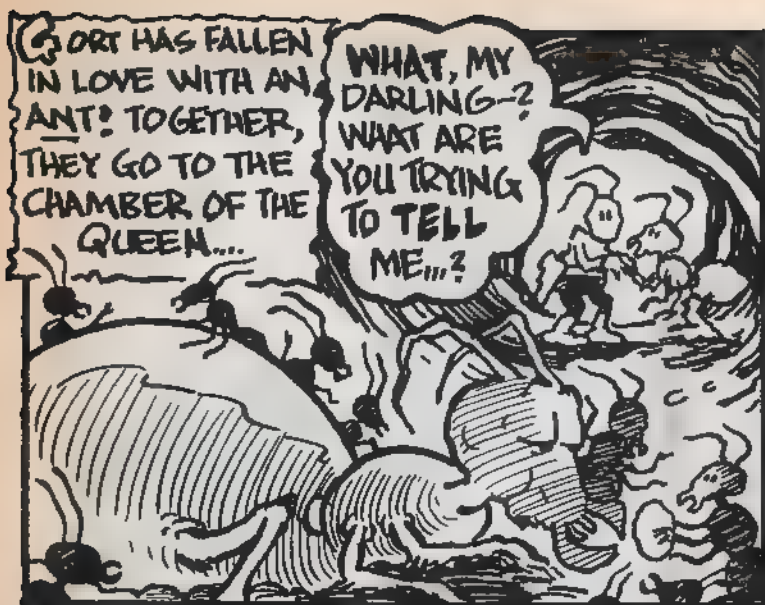
**MEANWHILE, BACK AT
THE BATTLE CRUISER...**

**WEEVIL
GORT?-DO YOU
READ ME? COME
IN, GORT! GORT?
-WHERE IS THAT
NITWIT?!**

GORT?
DO YOU
COPY?

**ALL-MY EARTH BEAUTY-YO'D
REALLY LOVE IT ON TH' MOON-
TH' FLAMSTEED CRATERS
ARE SO LOVELY THIS TIME
OF YEAR...!**

?



A DOSE OF
CULTURE SHOCK
HAS FORCED
GORT TO CON-
SIDER THE
AESTHETICS OF
WAR-FARE

≡SIGH≡
MAROONED
ON EARTH
!!



...A CASTAWAY
IN SPACE!



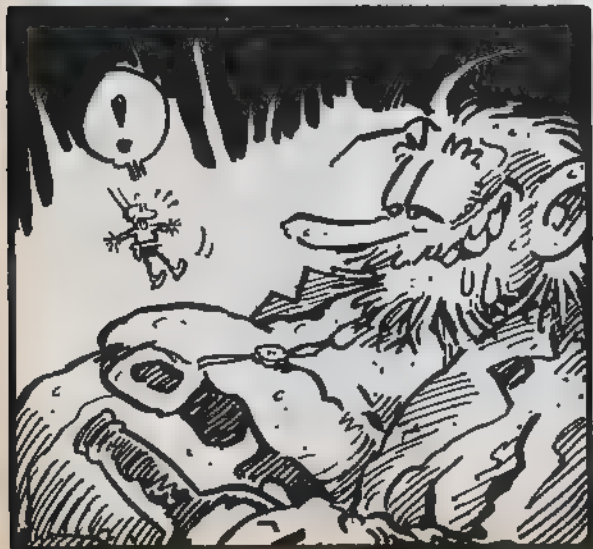
FACING THE ULTIMATE
CHALLENGE FOR A
GALACTIC
EXISTENTIALIST!

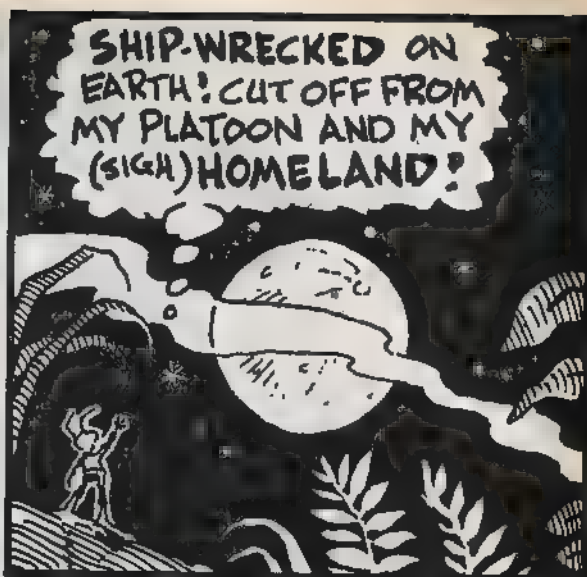


EA...?
WHAT'S
THIS...



...AIN'T THAT (HIC) CUTE...
SOMEBODY DONE DRESSED
THAT CRICKET
UP LIKE (HIC)
MR. SPOCK!





REFRESHED FROM A NIGHT'S REST,
OUR BOYS SET OUT TO EXPLORE
THE EARTH'S
ALIEN TERRAIN...

SO-HOW
YA' BEEN
STAYIN' ALIVE?

IT'S BEEN
HELL, BOY!

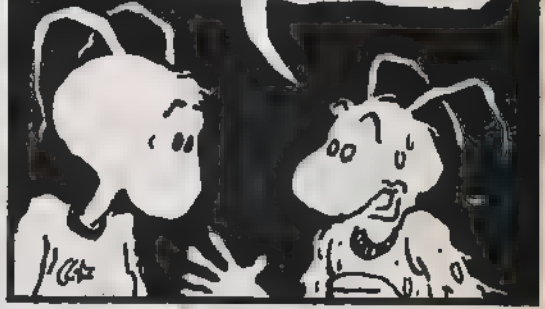


I'VE BEEN SLEEPIN' ON THE
GROUND, AND WOULD OF
STARVED T'DEATH IF NOT
FOR THE MYSTERIOUS
"MANNA FROM HEAVEN"!!



"MANNA
FROM
HEAVEN"
?!

IT JUST DROPS OUT
OF TH' SKY, GORT!
IT'S BEEN MY
SOLE SUSTENANCE...
AND IT'S REALLY QUITE
DELICIOUS!



TWO DAYS
AND STILL
NO WORD FROM
GORT! LT. OSERB
ACTIVATES THE
U-2-ME-2 UNIT
AND TOGETHER
THEY SET OUT
TO FIND THE
MISSING
WEEVIL TROOPER...



WE'VE FOUND
GORT'S RADIO
SO WE'RE ON
THE RIGHT
TRACK!

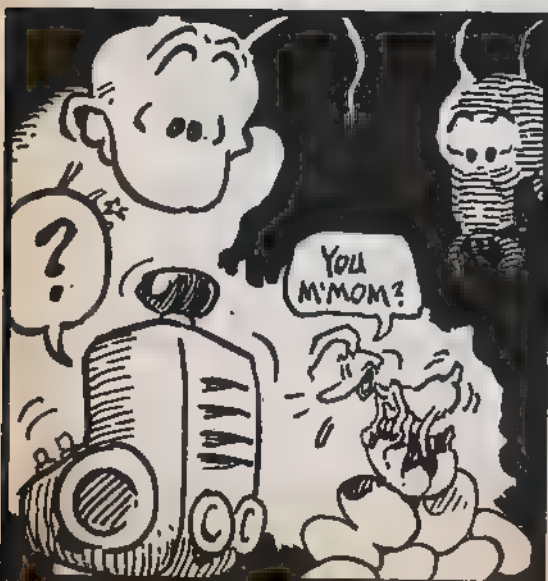
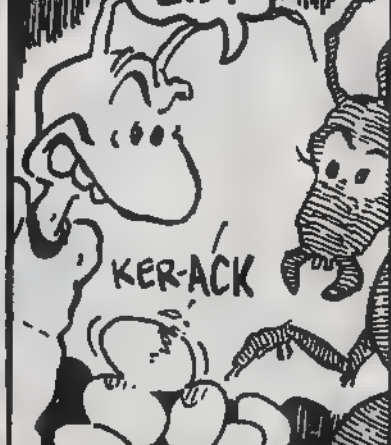
C'MON, U-2...
LET'S TRY TO
COMMUNICATE
WITH THOSE
NATIVES!



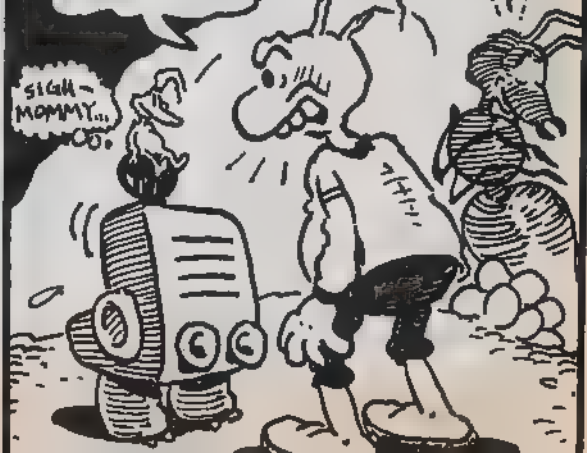
EARTALINGS...
WE COME IN
PEACE!



WE SEEK A WEEVILOID...
HIS NAME GORT... HE-
EH?



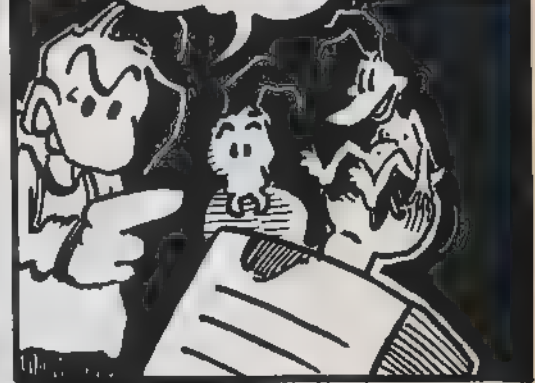
LOOKS LIKE GORT'S DONE
BEEN HERE AN'
GONE!!



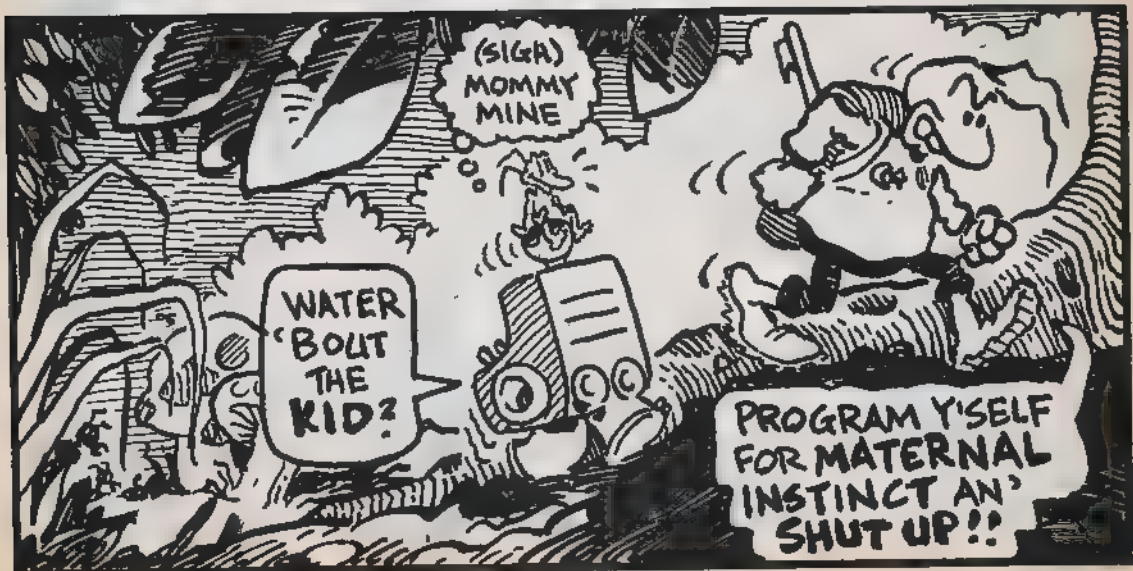
NOW, SEE HERE, MISS... WE'RE
ON A VERY IMPORTANT AND
VERY DANGEROUS MISSION!

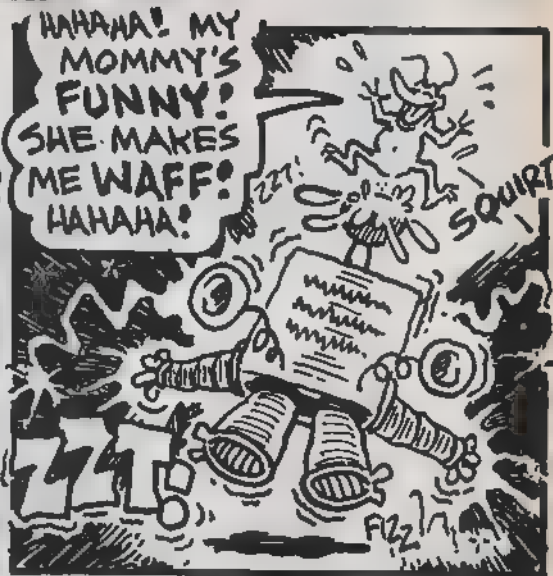
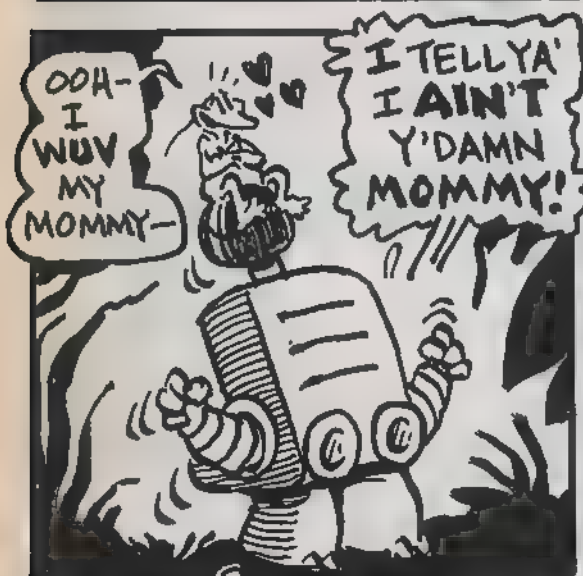
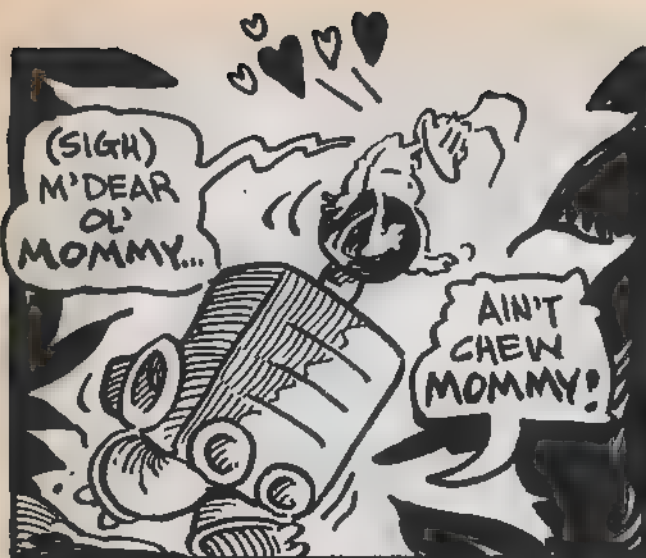


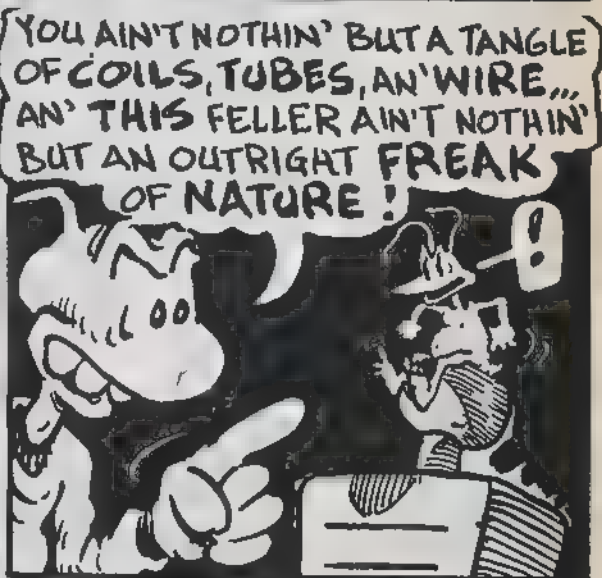
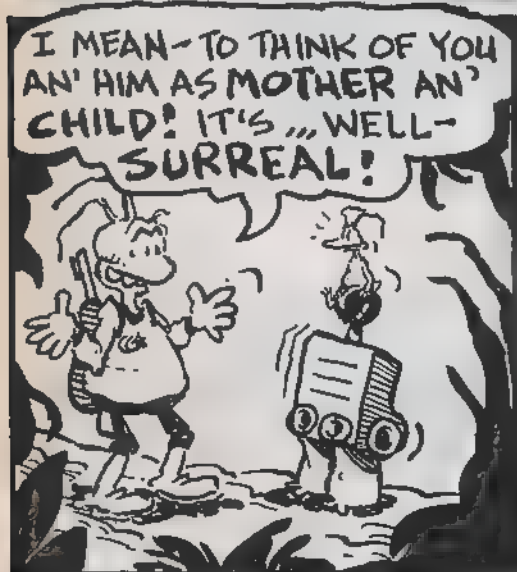
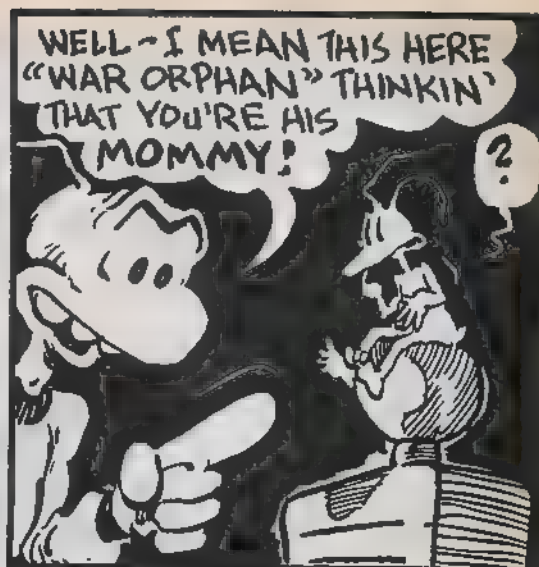
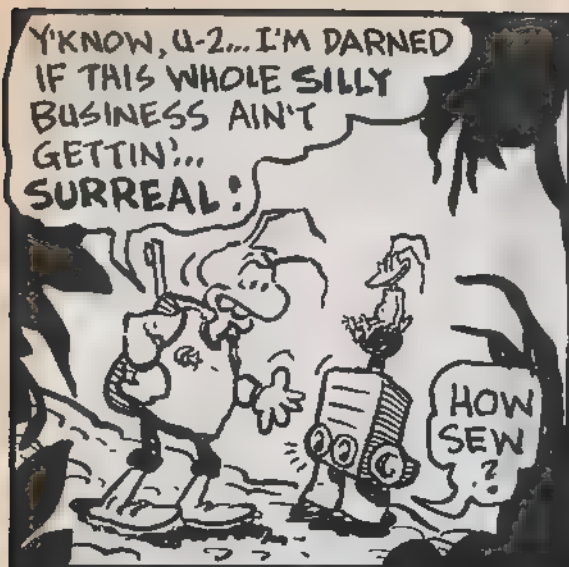
AND WE AIN'T GOT TIME
TO WET NURSE THIS HERE
-(AHEM) ILLEGITIMATE
BABE !!



NOW-EXPLAIN TO THIS LITTLE
FELLER THAT THE U-2-ME-2 UNIT
AIN'T HIS MOMMY SO WE
CAN GET ON ABOUT OUR
BUSINESS!!







NOW AIN'T THIS ONE FOR
TH' BOOKS? I TELL YA'
U-2... LIFE'S A FUNNY
THING!

IF YEW
MEAN
"HUMOROUS"
YES,
SOMETIMES.

WUF

NO... I MEAN-UH...
IRONIC, Y'KNOW?
I MEAN... YA' JUST
NEVER KNOW,
YA' KNOW?

YER
BEGINNIN'
T'RAMBLE,
SIR.

WELL... I'VE NEVER TOLD
THIS TO ANYBODY BEFORE,
U-2... BUT-UH... I'M
AN ORPHAN...

HOW
TOUCHIN'?

ANYWAY-I BEEN CURIOUS ABOUT
MY LINEAGE, SO BEFORE WE
LEFT TH' MOON, I DUG INTO
MY ANCESTRY—

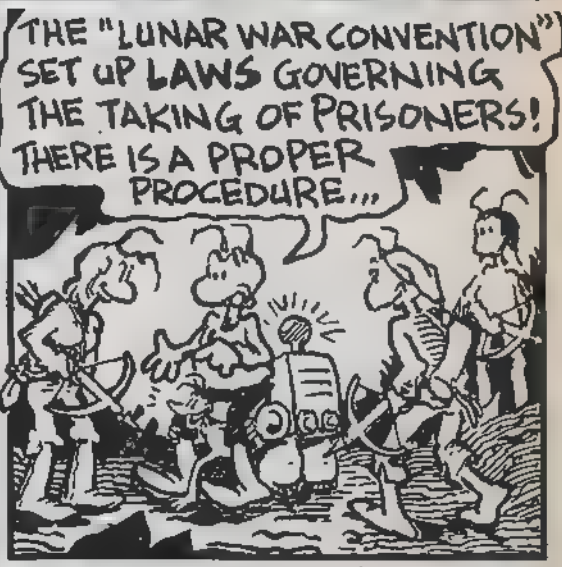
OF COURSE—I'VE
ALWAYS FANCIED
M'SELF A PURIST...

OF
COURSE.

WELL-WHAT A FREAK-OUT IT WAS
TO DISCOVER I WAS BORN
NAKED! AND IN BED WITH
A STRANGE WOMAN!

THAT'S
IRONIC
A'RITE.

WUF





CALM DOWN,
STUMPY—
I'LL FILL YA IN...



"MANY YEARS AGO, TO
ESCAPE LUNAR TYRANNY,
A GROUP OF DISSIDENTS
SECRETLY BUILT A SPACE-
SHIP AND SET A HEADING
FOR EARTH..."

2PM.
CURFEW.

LEFT-HAND
PEOPLE
TERMINATED

ETC

AND
GOOD
RIDDANCE!

"WE ARE THOSE DISSIDENTS'
DECENDANTS: WEEVIL BY
HERITAGE... BUT EARTHIE
BY BIRTH!"

TELL US AGAIN,
GRAMPS—WHAT
WAS IT LIKE ON
THE MOON?

DARK AN'
COLD WITH
LOTS OF
POT-HOLES
IN TH' ROAD

"WE HAVE RE-DEFINED OUR
CULTURE, POPULATED THE
PLANET... BUT NOW—YOUR
ARRIVAL IS A THREAT TO US!"

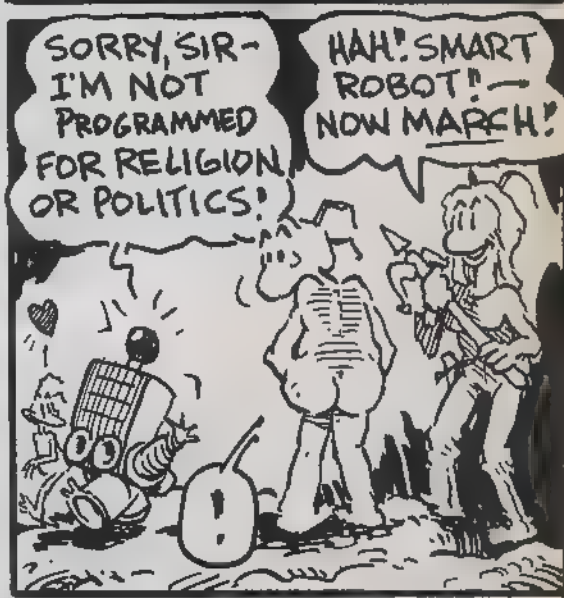
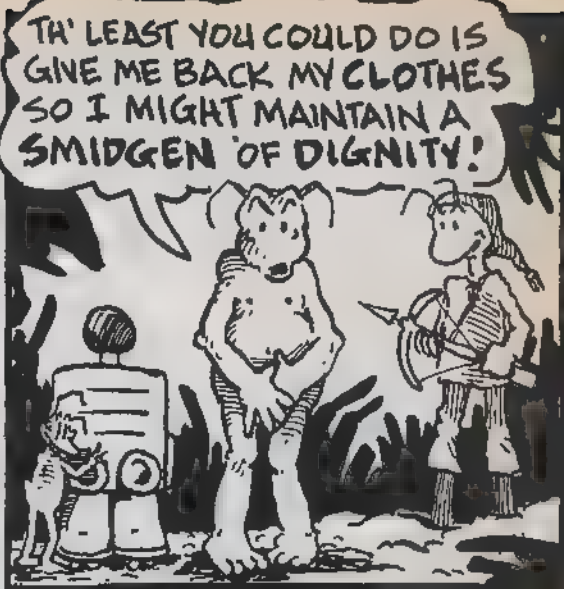
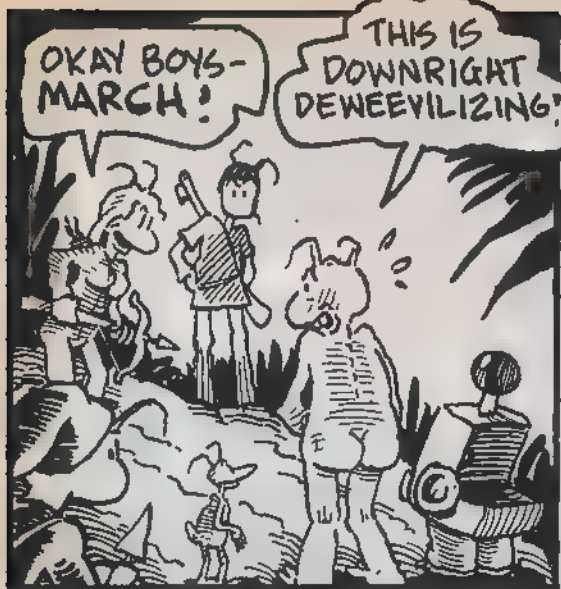
LOOK! A
MOON SHIP!

...WHOOOSH!

C'MON!
WE GOTTA
TELL
RUBY!

IN SHORT—TO DEFEND THE
LIFE AND LIBERTY OF OUR
COLONY, YOU WILL BE GIVEN
A FAIR TRIAL AND SHOT!





MEANWHILE, GORT
AND JONES
MANEUVER A
MAKE-SHIFT RAFT
DOWN ONE OF
EARTH'S CANALS...

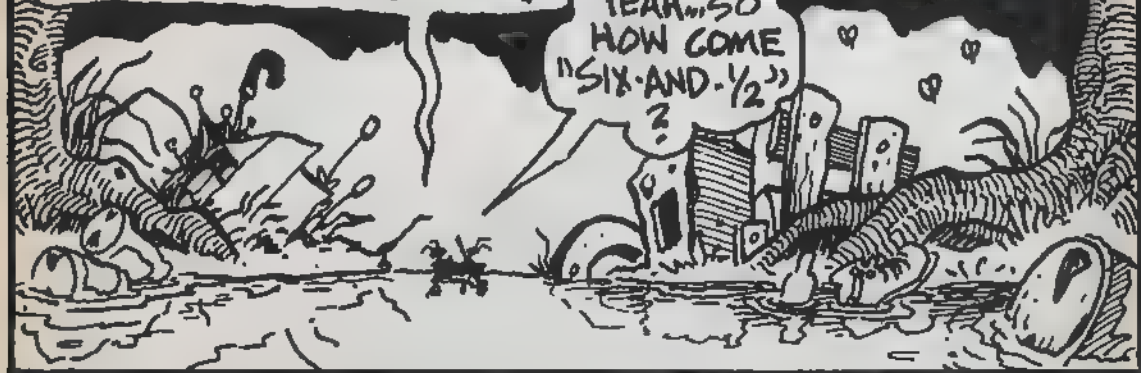
HOW'D YOU
EVER GET
A NAME
LIKE
"6 1/2"?

WELL, WHEN I WUZ BORN, M'FOLKS
COULDN'T DECIDE WHAT TO CALL
ME... SO THEY THREW A BUNCH
OF NAMES INTO MY POP'S HAT...

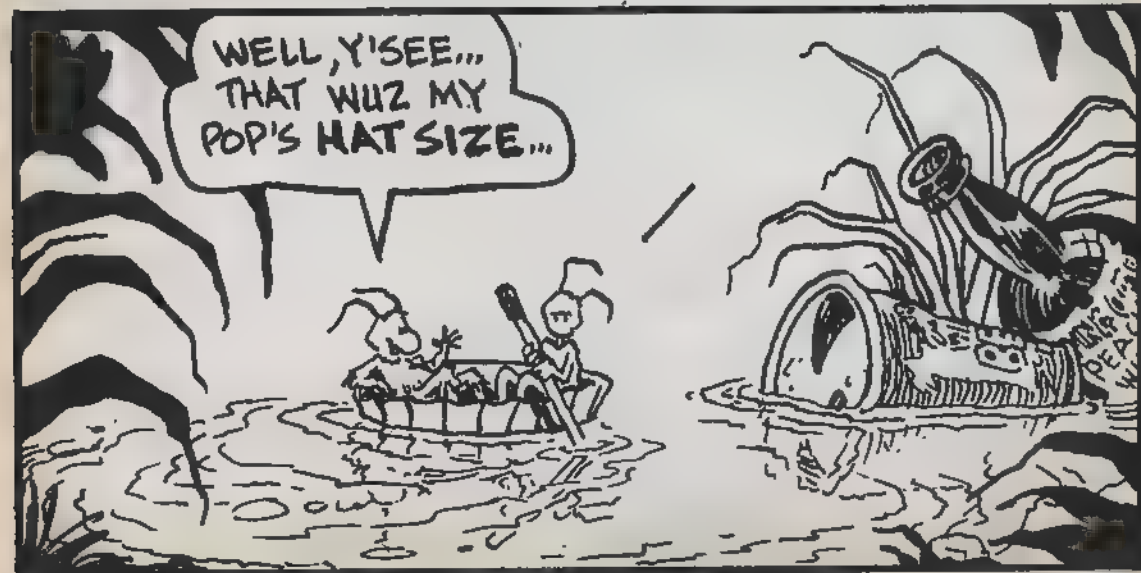


THEY FIGURED THEY'D JES' DRAW
A NAME OUT OF TH' HAT AND
WAATEVER IT WUZ, THAT'S
WHAT THEY'D CALL ME!

YEAH... SO
HOW COME
"SIX-AND-1/2"?



WELL, Y'SEE...
THAT WUZ MY
POP'S HAT SIZE...



WE'RE GITTIN' LAZY,
JONES—IT'S TIME
TO FIGURE OUR
NEXT MOVE!

TAKE IT
EASY,
GORT...THEY'S
NOTHIN'
WE CAN DO!



LISTEN, BOY—
YA' GOTTA
THINK
POSITIVE!

DON'T TAKE
LIFE SO
SERIOUS,
GORT—IT AIN'T
WORTH IT!



HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?!
LIFE IS THE...THE...ULTIMATE
OPPORTUNITY!!

SOUNDS
GOOD—DOES
IT MEAN
MUCH?



Y'KNOW WHAT YER PROBLEM
IS, JONES? YER CYNICAL!
—YOU GET OUT OF LIFE
WHAT YOU PUT IN!

ZAT
SO?



YEAH—
THAT'S
SO!

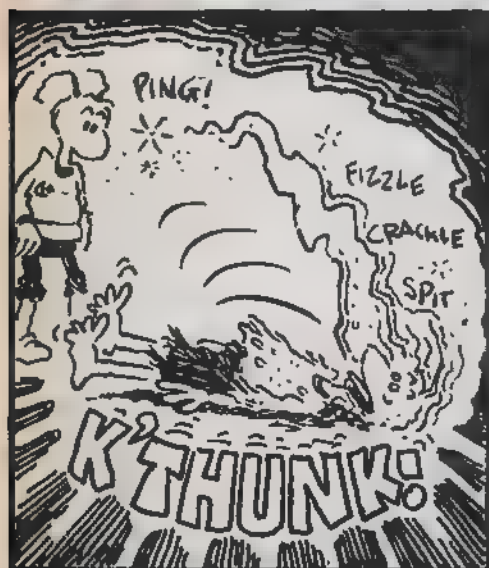
WELL, I KNOW
ONE THING
YA' CAN'T GET
OUT OF LIFE!



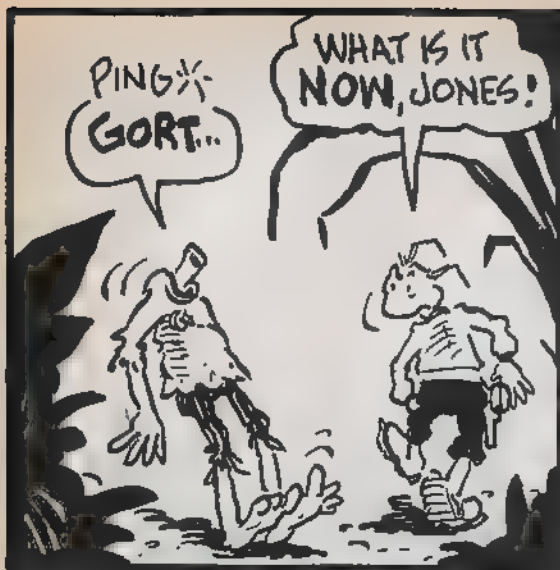
WHAT'S
THAT
?

YA' CAN'T
GET OUT
ALIVE!







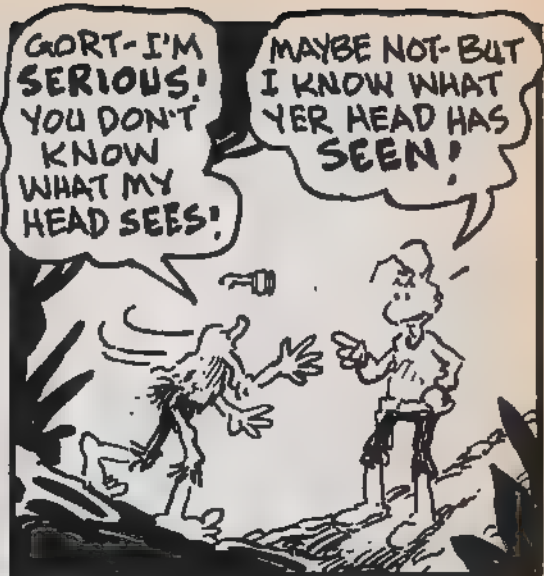




...MY NOGGIN IS
IN A METAPHYSICAL
STATE - MOVIN'
UNIMPEDED THRU
SPACE!

JONES-YER
FOOLISHNESS
IS WEARIN'
THIN!

TAP
TAP
TAP



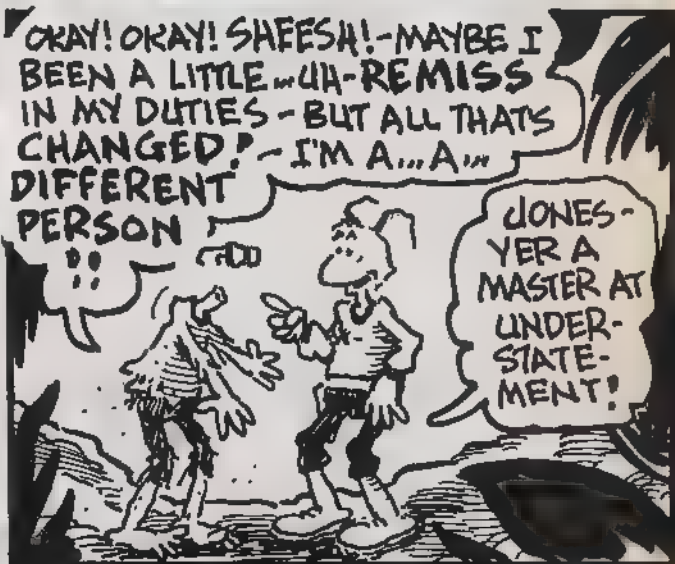
GORT-I'M
SERIOUS!
YOU DON'T
KNOW
WHAT MY
HEAD SEES!

MAYBE NOT-BUT
I KNOW WHAT
YER HEAD HAS
SEEN!



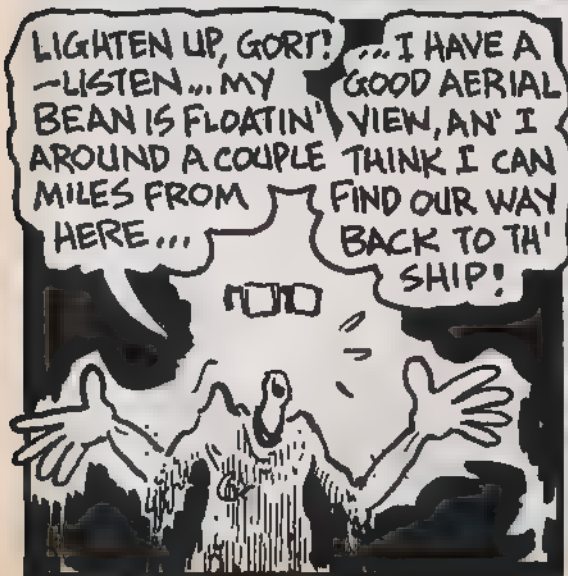
WHAT'S
THAT
?

BETTER
DAYS



OKAY! OKAY! SHEESH!-MAYBE I
BEEN A LITTLE...UH-REMISS
IN MY DUTIES - BUT ALL THAT'S
CHANGED! - I'M A...A...
DIFFERENT
PERSON

JONES-
YER A
MASTER AT
UNDER-
STATE-
MENT!



LIGHTEN UP, GORT!
-LISTEN...MY
BEAN IS FLOATIN'
AROUND A COUPLE
MILES FROM
HERE...

...I HAVE A
GOOD AERIAL
VIEW, AN' I
THINK I CAN
FIND OUR WAY
BACK TO TH'
SHIP!



TRUST ME ON
THIS ONE, BOY-
COMMON
SENSE RUNS
IN MY FAMILY!

WELL, IN YER
CASE, JONES-
IT'S RUNNING
TH' OTHER
WAY!

6½ JONES HAS
BECOME AN
EPHEMERAL
DAY-TRIPPER...



HEY-THIS IS GREAT-I
CAN SEE F'MILES!



HELLO -
WHAT'S
THIS?

YOU PRISONERS
GIT IN STEP!

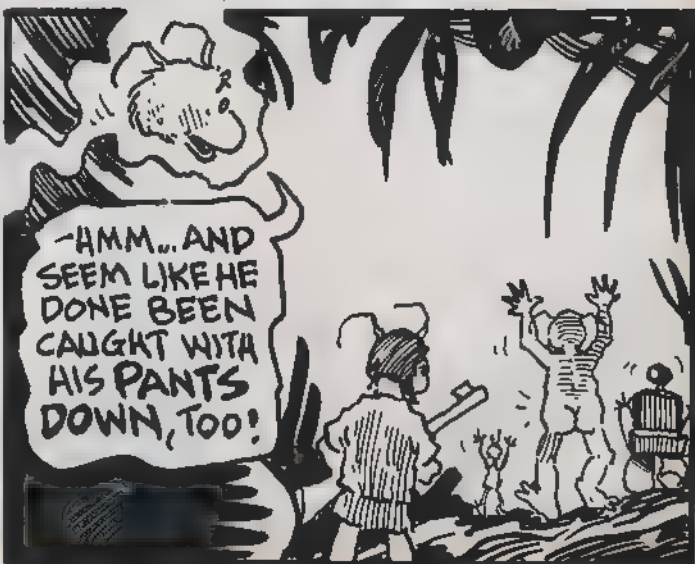


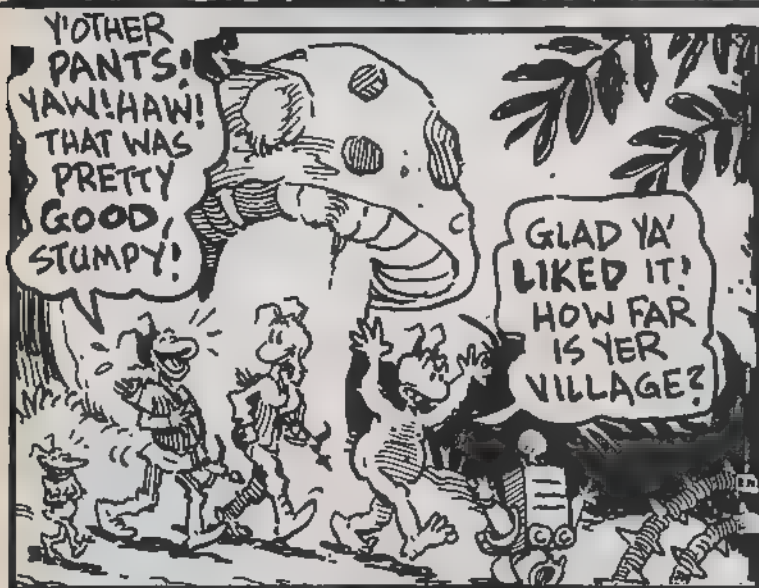
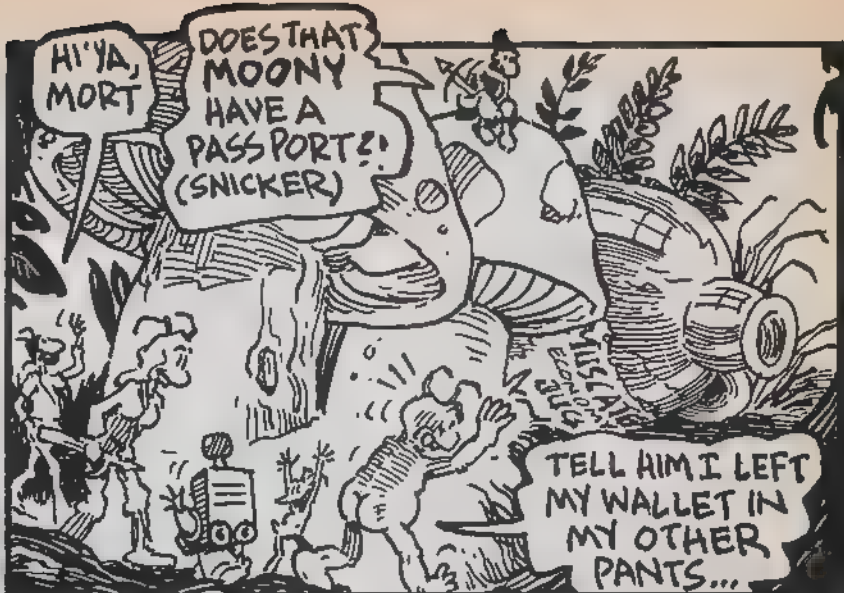
GASP! -
WHY, IT-IT'S
LT. OSERB!

KEEP
MOVING!



-HAMM...AND
SEEM LIKE HE
DONE BEEN
CAUGHT WITH
HIS PANTS
DOWN, TOO!





JONES FOLLOWS
THE PLIGHT OF
LT. OSERB AND
THE U-2-ME-2
UNIT...

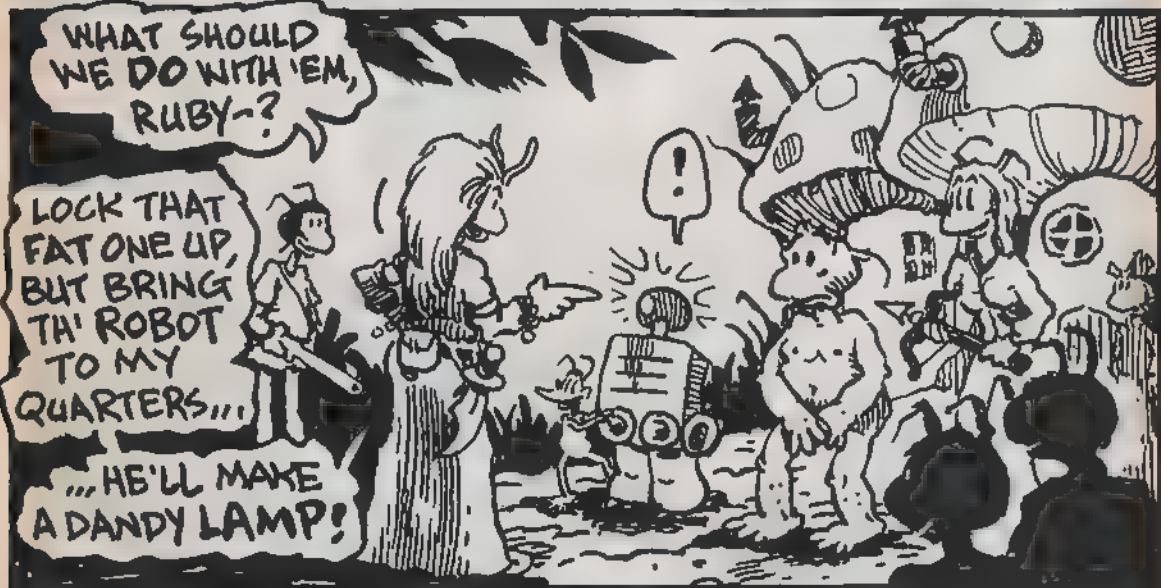


THEY DONE BEEN
CAUGHT BY A PACK
OF RENEGADES!

WHAT SHOULD
WE DO WITH 'EM,
RUBY-?

LOCK THAT
FAT ONE UP,
BUT BRING
TH' ROBOT
TO MY
QUARTERS...

...HE'LL MAKE
A DANDY LAMP!



ARE YOU
SURE YER
TELLIN'
TH' TRUTH?

HEY! COULD A
FACE LIKE THIS
UTTER A LIE?!

Y'KNOW-YOU
COULD ADOPT A
MORE SERIOUS
ATTITUDE...

I COULD ADOPT A
LITTER OF CRATER
ORPHANS, TOO-BUT
WHO NEEDS ALL TH'
RESPONSIBILITY?!

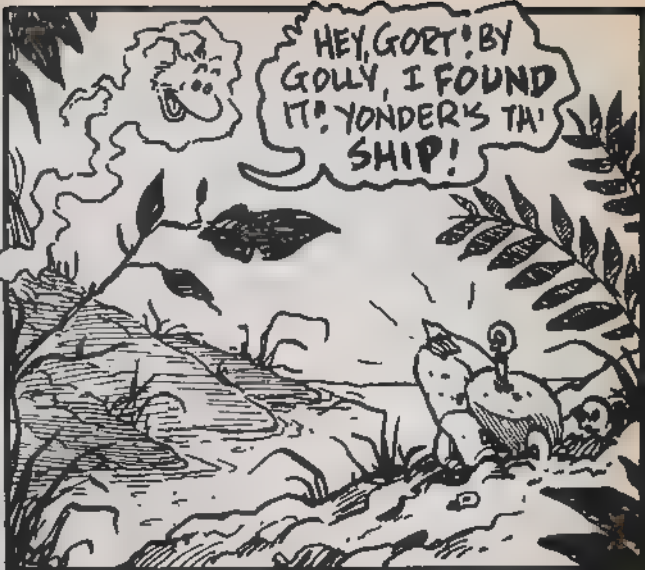


...JONES, THIS
ASTRAL PROJECTION
POWER YOU'VE
AQUIRED IS A...A...
SPECIAL GIFT—
IT MUST NOT BE
ABUSED, BUT
USED FOR THE
COMMON GOOD
OF ALL...

NOW DON'T
GO GETTIN'
PHILOSOPHICAL
ON ME,
GORT!



HEY, GORT! BY
GOLLY, I FOUND
IT! YONDER'S TH'
SHIP!



THE SHIP! JONES! THE SHIP!
NOW WE CAN RESCUE THE
OTHERS AND—DARE I SAY IT?—
RETURN HOME!!



HOME! O'JOY! O'ECSTASY!
(SNIFF)—MY...MY HEART
PALPITATES AT THE
THOUGHT!—O' THE DUSTY
OCEANS AND LOFTY CRATERS
OF TH' MOON!—HOME!!

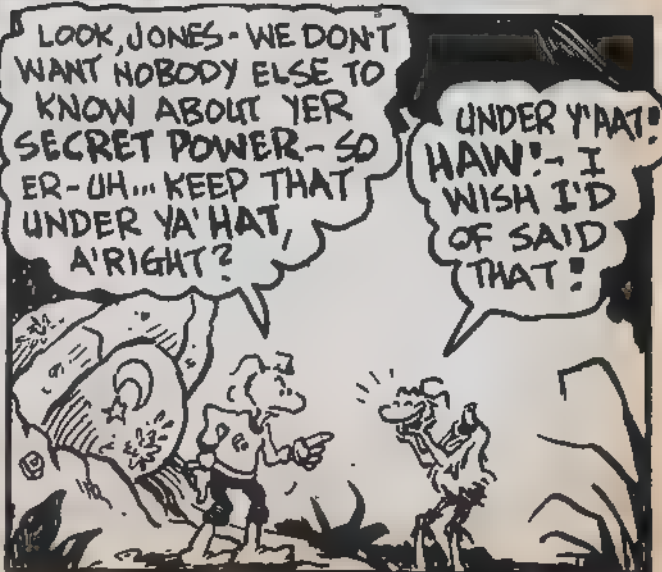


AWW—GORT—
YA' BIG
SENTIMENTAL
LUG, YA'!



LOOK, JONES—WE DON'T
WANT NOBODY ELSE TO
KNOW ABOUT YER
SECRET POWER—SO
ER—UH...KEEP THAT
UNDER YA' HAT,
A'RIGHT?

UNDER Y' HAT!
HAW!—I
WISH I'D
OF SAID
THAT!



GORT AND JONES ATTEMPT
A DRAMATIC ESCAPE...

YA' RECKON THIS
THING WILL FLY?
IT'S PRETTY
BANGED UP...

I DUNNO, JONES—
ALL'S WE CAN
DO IS TRY!



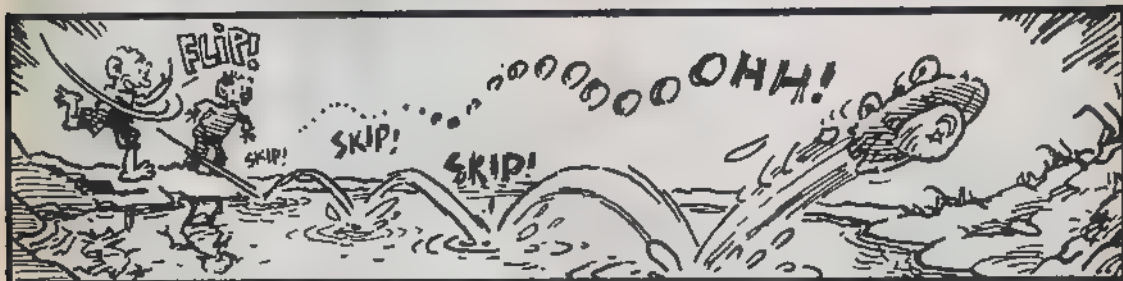
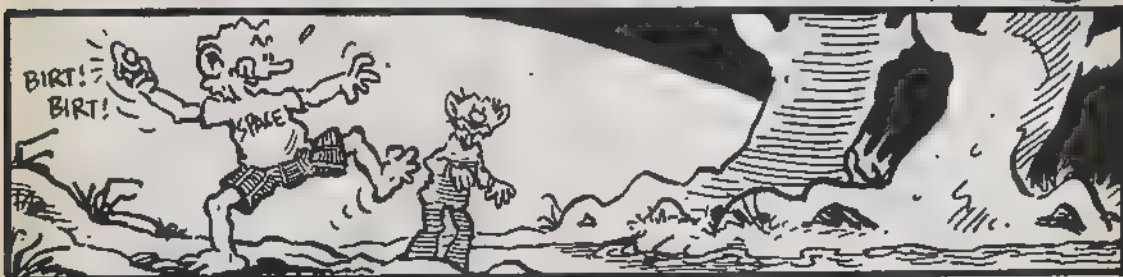
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE-ER-
"REAL WORLD"—THE LOCAL
ROCK SKIPPING CHAMP HAS
RECEIVED A CHALLENGE...

OK BUMBOAT—
I GOT 12 SKIPS!
LES' SEE YA
BEAT THAT!

I'LL TOSS THAT
FUNNY-LOOKING
FLAT-ROCK OVER
THERE STRUCK IN
THE MUD!



HANG ON—
I'M GONNA
START TH'
MOTORS—

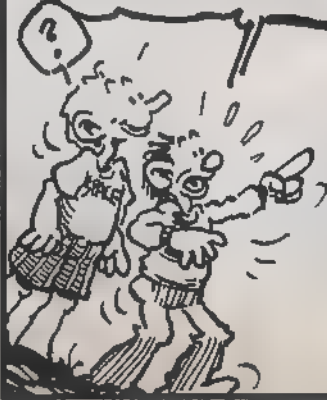


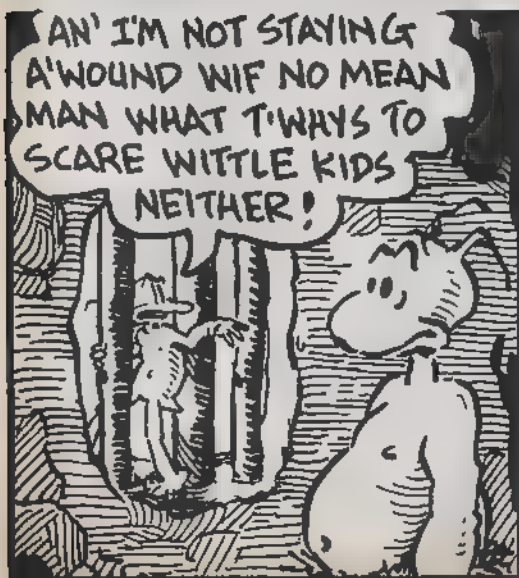
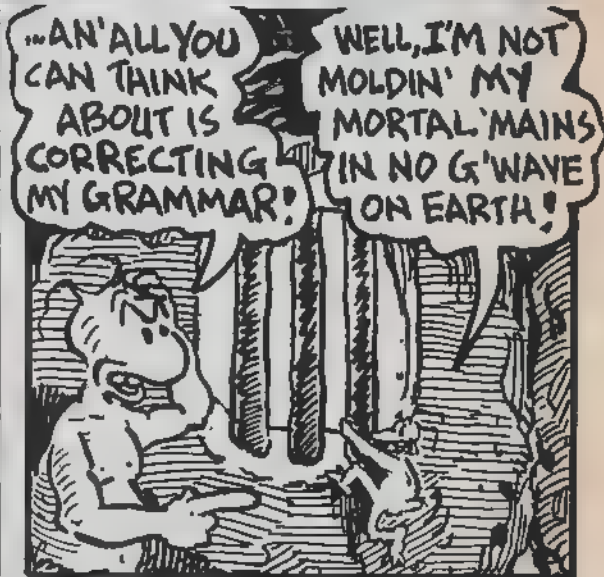
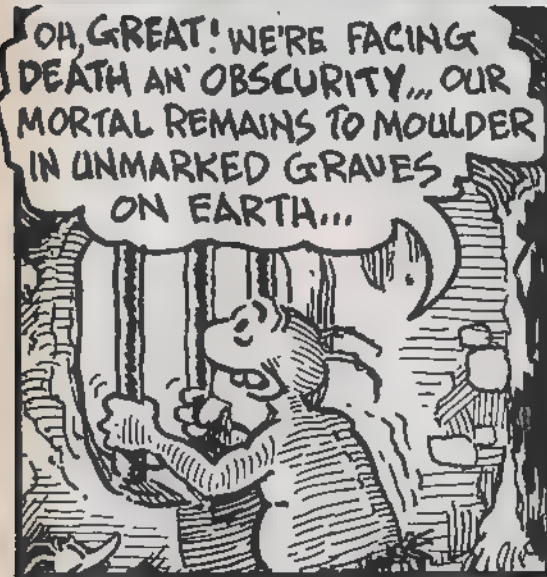
THAT WAS A
HECKUVA
LIFT-OFF,
GORT!

QUIT YER
BELLY-ACHING!
I GOT US OFF
TH' GROUND
DIDN'T I-?!

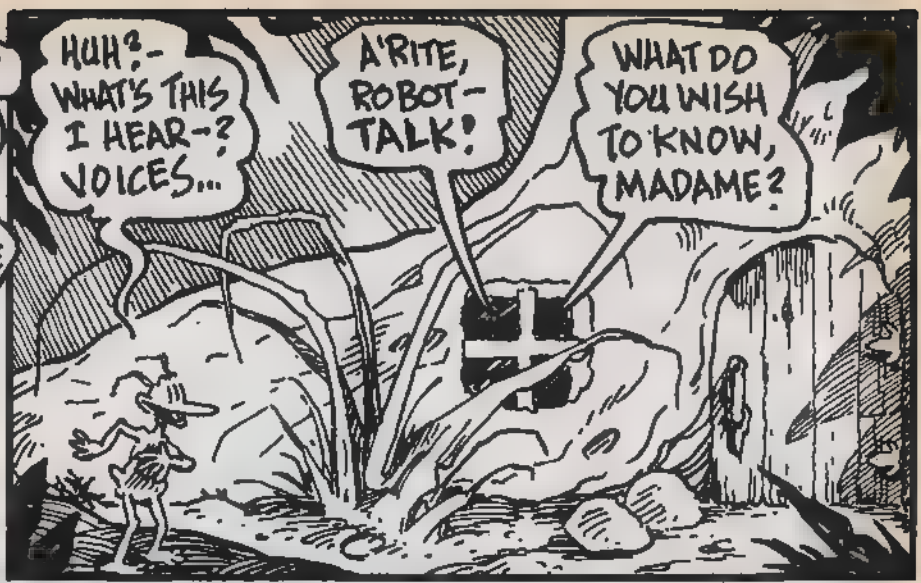


WOW! 27 SKIPS, A DOUBLE
BACK-FLIP AN' IT'S STILL GOING!
I GOTTA HAND IT TO YA, BUMMIE—
YER DEFINITELY TH' CHAMP!!





OOH-IT'S
S'PWING
TIME...
IN THIS
WITTLE
HEART-O-MINE



HUH?-
WHAT'S THIS
I HEAR-?
VOICES...

A'RITE,
ROBOT-
TALK!

WHAT DO
YOU WISH
TO KNOW,
MADAME?

WHERE IS
THE REST
OF YOUR
ARMY?

THERE HAS BEEN
NO CONTACT IN
MONTHS-THEY ARE
PRESUMABLY
LOST!

HMM...SO THAT JUST LEAVES
THE FAT LIEUTENANT...
YOU...AND THE KID
WHO THINKS
YER HIS--

MOMMY!
I FOUND
YOU!

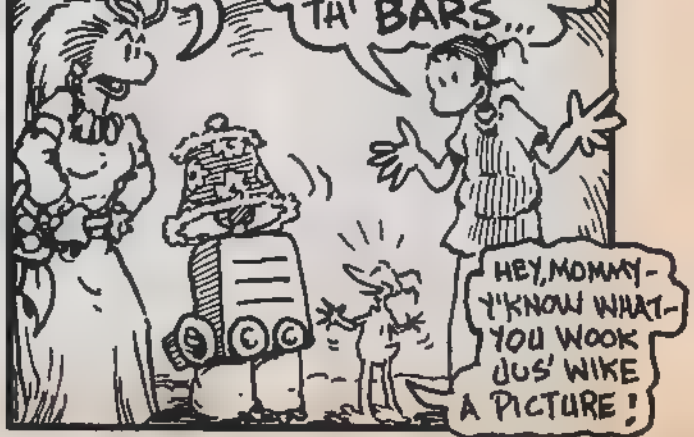


...THINKS YER
HIS MOMMY!

OOH!
WHAT A
P'WITTY
HAT!

I TOLD YOU
TO LOCK THIS
ONE UP--!

BE DANGED! I DID!
LITTLE FELLER MUST'A
SLIPPED THRU
TH' BARS...



HEY, MOMMY-
Y'KNOW WHAT-
YOU WOOK
JUS' WIKE
A PICTURE!

THE STAR WEEVIL TASKFORCE: THE ABSOLUTE FINEST
IN ELITE GUERRILLA FOOT-SOLDIERS...

TROMP!
TROMP!
TROMP!

...SERVING THE "WAR" NEEDS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM
SINCE 68,000,000 A.B.B.-(AFTER BIG BANG)...

TROMP!
TROMP!

...THREE WEEVILS - NO WAITING!

TROMP!
TROMP!
TROMP!

WINTHROPE-
YER TH' MOST
DEDICATED
DRUM-BOY I
EVER SEEN...

I
LIKE
THAT!

T-TANK
YEW, SIR.

THE SKIPPER IS BACK
IN THE ACTION, WITH
THE REMNANTS OF
THE MOON FLEET
IN TOW...

LES' WATER
THESE
ANIMALS!

WHAT A
STRANGE
ROCK
FORMATION-

HEY-WAIT A MINUTE...
GASP! SKIPPER!
THAT AIN'T NO ROCK
FORMATION-T-THAT'S
AN EARTHIE!!

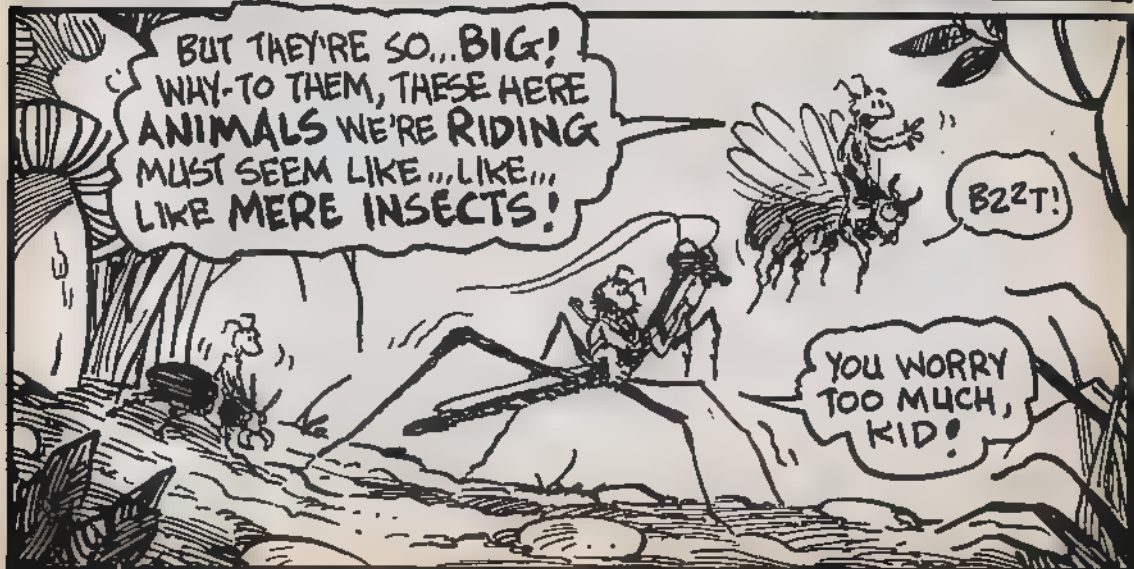
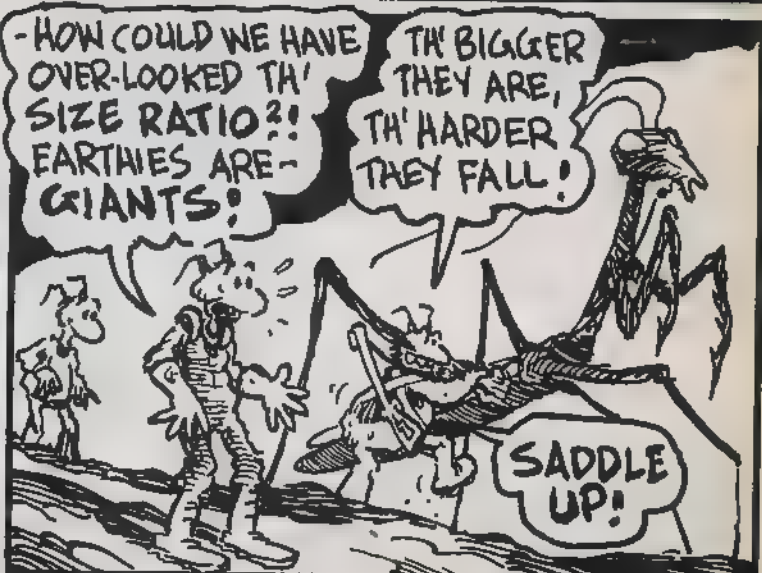
(HIC)-SHAY...
WASZIS?
BUGS-

WHY-I'LL BLAST
THAT SUCKER INTO
TH' MIDDLE OF
NEXT WEEK!

HUM'A!
HUM'A!

ZZT!

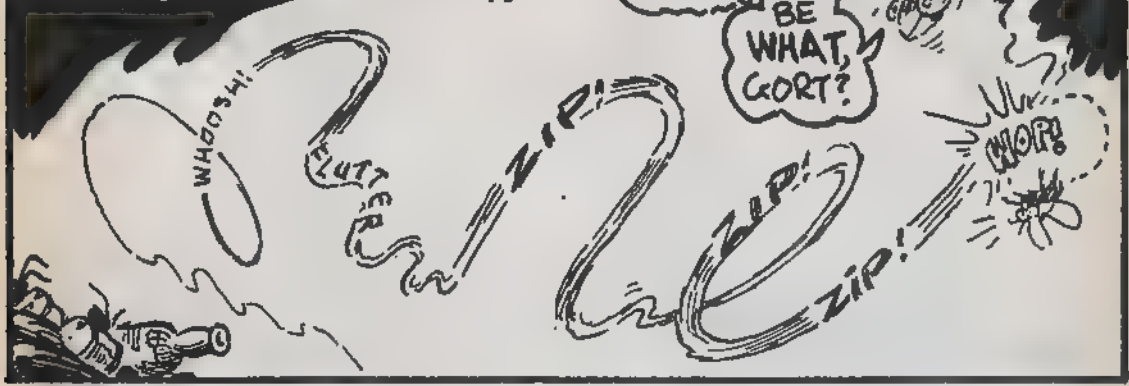
ZOT!



WELL, GORT HAS MANAGED TO GET THE BATTERED MOON CRUISER OFF THE GROUND - NOW ALL HE HAS TO DO IS FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET THE GYRO-STABILIZERS® WORKING!

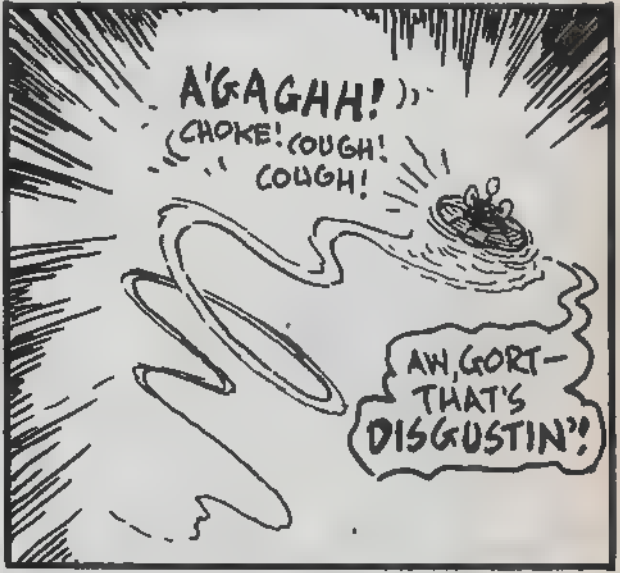
* JONES -
I... I B'LEAVE...
I'M GONNA -
GONNA BE...
URP! *

BE
WHAT,
GORT?



(GASP!) I
THINK...
I-I THINK-

WHAT, GORT?
OUT WITH
IT!



A'GAGHH!)
(CHOKE! COUGH!
COUGH!

AW, GORT -
THAT'S
DISGUSTIN'!

MEANTIME
ELSEWHERE,
THE FIRST MATE
IS FACING
DOUBT AND
UNCERTAINTY...

THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR THINGS
GITTIN' SO FOULED UP! IT'S A
CASE, PURE N'SIMPLE, OF
IGNORANCE AN' APATHY!
AIN'T THAT RIGHT,
SKIPPER...?

KID -
I DON'T
KNOW, AN'
I DON'T
CARE!



YONDER IT IS, BOYS...
OUR OBJECTIVE—
OUR REASON FOR
BEING ON
THIS
PLANET!

IS IT AN
EARTHIE
TOWN?

EARTHIE?! HAW!
TROOP— WE COULD
CARE LESS ABOUT
EARTHIES!

WHAT
DO YA'
MEAN,
SKIPPER?

HELL, WINTHROPE— GIVE TH'
EARTHIES A COUPLE MORE
YEARS AN' THEY'LL KILL
THEMSELVES OFF
WITHOUT
OUR HELP!

NAW, BOYS— THAT AIN'T
NO EARTHIE SET-UP!
THEM FOLKS IS FROM
TH' MOON SAME
AS YOU N' ME!

TH'-TH'
MOON!
BUT-BUT
I THOUGHT—
I MEAN...
ISN'T?
WASN'T...?

STOP SPUTTERIN', KID!
THAT TOWN IS TH' REAL
REASON FOR TH' INVASION:
— DESTROY ALL WEEVIL
OPPOSITION HERE ON
EARTH!

... COME NIGHTFALL, WE
GONNA SWARM DOWN
YONDER LIKE A PACK
OF DEPRAVED
BOULDER-EATERS—
PLUNDERIN', LOOTIN',
AN' JUS' GENERALLY
BEING
OBNOXIOUS!

SKIPPER —
YOU THINK OF
FUNNY THINGS
TO DO!!

NIGHT FALL - AND ALL IS QUIET
IN THE TINY RENEGADE
VILLAGE...

HEY, MORT -
WOULD YOU STOP
SMOKIN' THAT
STINKING
TO-BAK ON
GUARD DUTY -
I CAN'T
SLEEP!

BUT - AT THAT SAME MOMENT, A
PALTRY BAND OF MOONIES COME
CREEPING THRU THE DARKNESS...

SET YA
BLASTERS
FOR
"BAR-B-CUE"!

AN' LES TAKE 'EM BY
TH' SHORT HAIRS!

BON'S
EYE!!

WINTHROPE -
OFF THE
GUARD!

GOT
CHA'
SKIPPER!

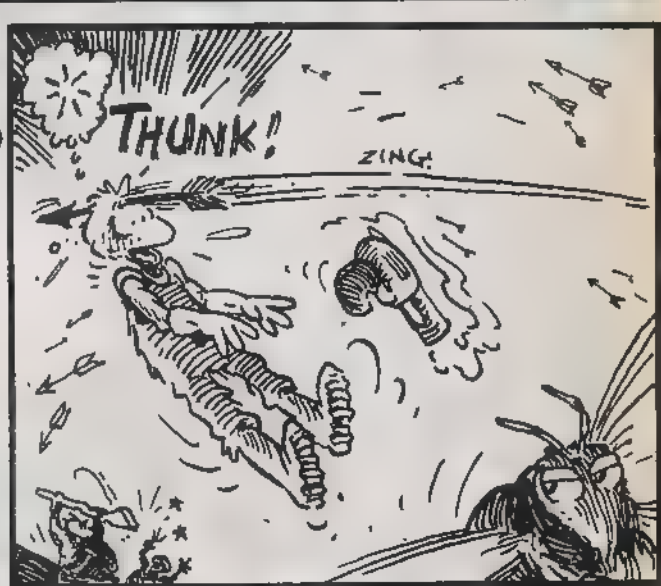
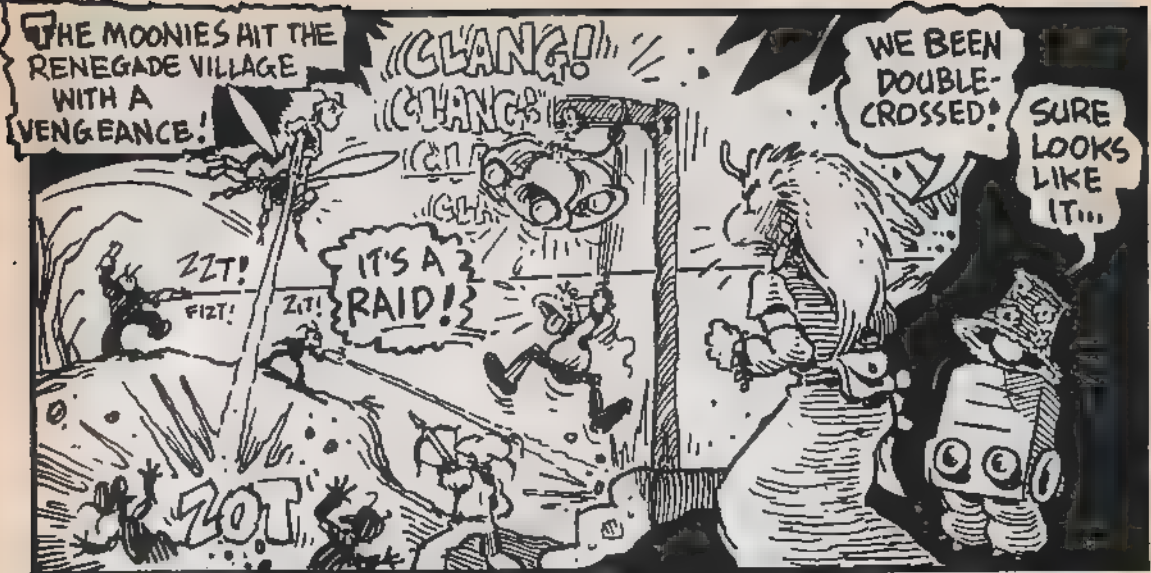
YAH-HOOOO!!

ZZZ!

SINGE!

I AIN'T GONNA ASK
YA' AGAIN, MORT -
STOP SMOKIN' THAT
DAMN TO-BAK - IT'S
KEEPIN' ME AWAKE!

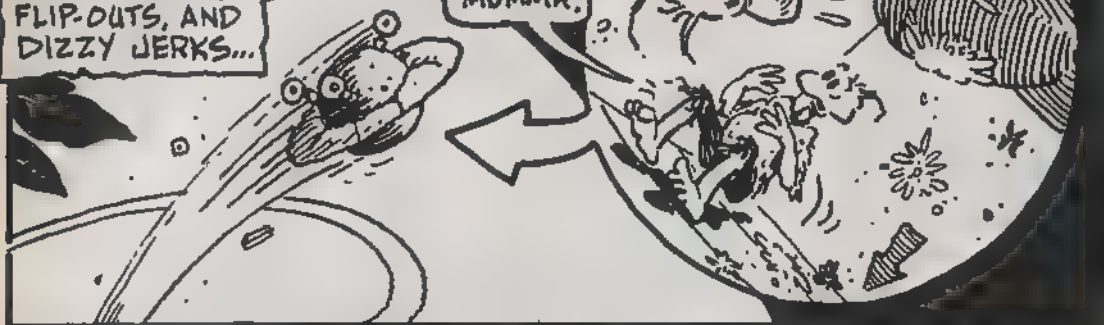
SNIE!



GORT HAS JUST
FLOWN WHAT IS
KNOWN AS THE
"GENEALOGICAL
MANEUVER"—
THAT IS: A LONG
LINE OF DIPS,
FLIP-OUTS, AND
DIZZY JERKS...

JONES!—I...I
CAN'T KEEP
TH' SHIP IN TH'
AIR!—WE...WE'RE
GONNA CRASH!

MOMMA!



MEANTIME - THE MOONIES HAVE
SUCCEEDED IN WREAKING A MILD
HAVOC DOWN BELOW...

A'RITE NOW -
SAY IT!

HAHA
HA!

UNCLE UNK
UNCLE UNCLE
DITTO UNCLE



BUT- INTO THIS MELEE
ENTERS THE MOON
CRUISER...



NOW'S OUR
CHANCE! LET'S
GET 'IM!

WHAT
TH—?



OKAY, MEAT-BALL -
NOW LET'S HEAR
YOU "SAY IT"!

A'HE-HE... CAN'T YOU
FOUKS TELL WHEN
A FELLER'S KIDDIN'...



WELL, THE TABLES
HAVE TURNED, AND
ONLY A MIRACLE
CAN SAVE THE
DAUNTLESS
WEEVILS NOW...

ALL LEAVES
ARE
CANCELED!

YOU CAN
BANK ON
THAT,
MEAT-
BALL!

AND IN
ABOUT
TWO
SECONDS,
YOU'RE
GONNA
BE
CANCELED!

DID SOMEONE
SAY "MIRACLE"??

NOW I KNOW
THEM LITTLE
CRITTERS IS
AROUND
HERE
SOME-
WHERE...



AH-HA! -
YONDER
THEY BE!

READY...
AIM...



WAIT!
LOOK
BEHIND
YOU!

YOU EXPECT ME
TO FALL FOR
THAT OLD LINE?!
HAHAHAH!!



I ALMOST HATE TO
VAPORIZE YOU, MEATBALL...
YOU'D HAVE QUITE A FUTURE
AS A COMEDIAN!!









WOULD YOU GENTS CARE TO EXPLAIN THIS CARNAGE YOU'VE WROUGHT UPON MY PEOPLE - ?

HEY! - WE NEVER WANTED TO DO IT! HONEST! WE WERE DUPES OF AN EVIL TYRANNY!



WE GOT NO BEEF WITH YOU FOLKS! WHY-I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY WE WAS FIGHTIN'!

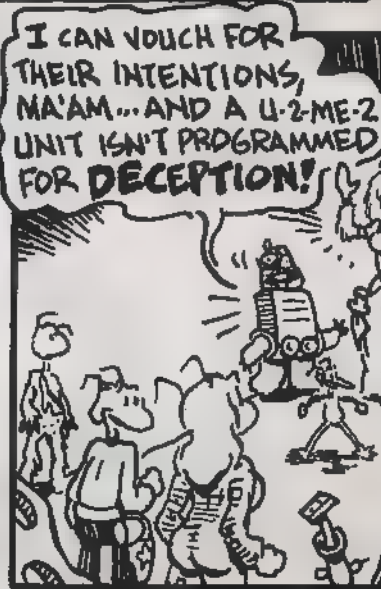
DO YOU, OSERB?

CAN'T SAY AS I DO...



YOU SEE? ALL WE WANT IS TO STAY ON EARTH AN' LIVE IN PEACE WITH YER PEOPLE!

HOW DO WE KNOW YOU CAN BE TRUSTED?



I CAN VOUCH FOR THEIR INTENTIONS, MA'AM...AND A U-2-ME-2 UNIT ISN'T PROGRAMMED FOR DECEPTION!



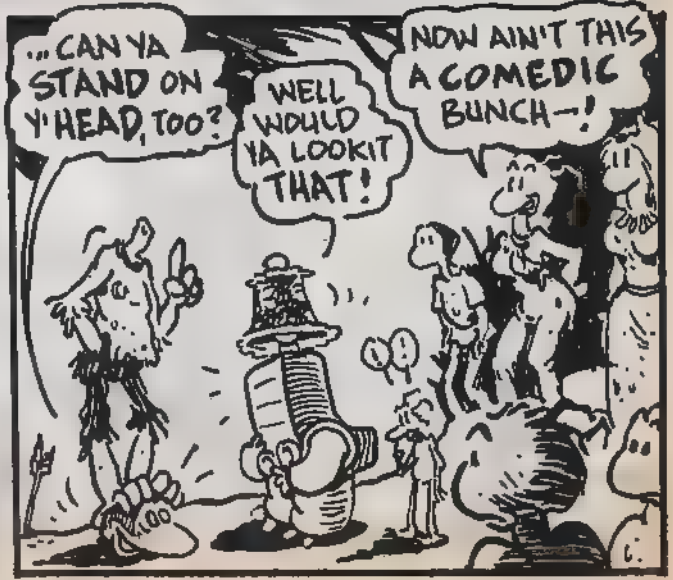
GOOD POINT, ROBOT - OK! BLANKET AMNESTY!!

HOORAY!



THANKS, U-2... HEY, U-2! A LAMP SHADE! YAW! HAH! HAW! THAT'S PRETTY FUNNY!

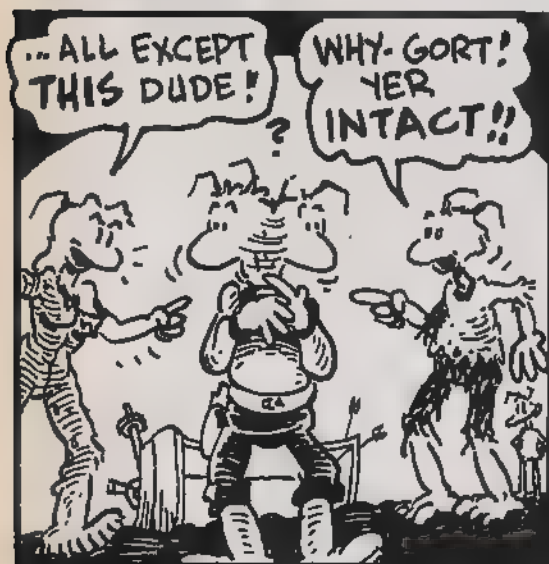
YESSIR... IT'S A HIT AT PARTIES!



...CAN YA STAND ON Y'HEAD, TOO?

WELL WOULD YA LOOKIT THAT!

NOW AIN'T THIS A COMEDIC BUNCH - !



HEY MOMMY - CAN I
GET ME ONE OF THEM
THERE SHIRTS LIKE
HE'S GOT CAN
I HUH
MOMMY
CAN I
HUH
CAN I??



HOLD IT RIGHT
THERE! MY PERSON
HAS TAKEN
ENOUGH
ABUSE!



I'LL
DO
THIS
MYSELF!

JUST THINK
OF HIM AS
A "KARMA
DEBT"...



AND SO - AS THE SUN SINKS SLOWLY INTO THE NO DUMPING SIGN - TWO
CULTURES BEGIN THE TASK OF RE-KINDLING THEIR COMMON BONDS...

S'CUSE ME, MISS -
DIDN'T WE MEET IN TH'
CATACOMBS OF MARE
FRIGORIS? NO?

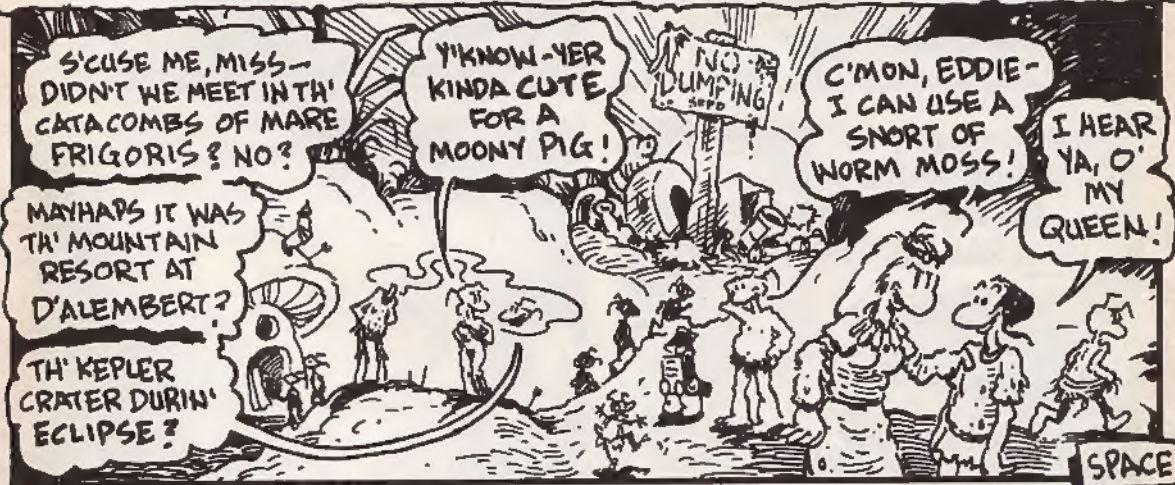
MAYHAPS IT WAS
TH' MOUNTAIN
RESORT AT
D'ALEMBERT?

TH' KEPLER
CRATER DURIN'
ECLIPSE?

Y'KNOW - YER
KINDA CUTE
FOR A
MOONY PIG!

C'MON, EDDIE -
I CAN USE A
SNORT OF
WORM MOSS!

I HEAR
YA, O' MY
QUEEN!



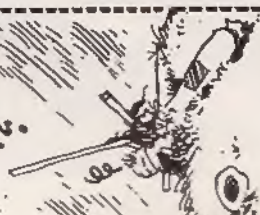
Post Script:

T-HEY WAS THIS BATCH OF SPACE
BUGS! HON'ESS T'GOD, SLIM!
GRABBED ME AN' STUCK A RAY-
PISTOL TO M'HEAD! IT WAS
HORRIBLE! THEY SHOT OFF
M'NOSE! MEAN LITTLE FELLERS!
BEAT ME UP AN' LEFT ME FOR
DEAD... Y-YOU THINK I'M
CRAZY, DON'T YA, SLIM?!

COURSE I
DO, PREACHER -
HAVE A
DRINK!



HEY!!
Y'ALL ABOUT
DUE FOR A
TRANS-
FUSION
?.



THEN HOW 'BOUT
TRYING
MICHEL LEONARD'S
FRESH
BLOOD
FUNNY BOOK...

WHY! I
FEEL LIKE
A NEW
WOMAN!



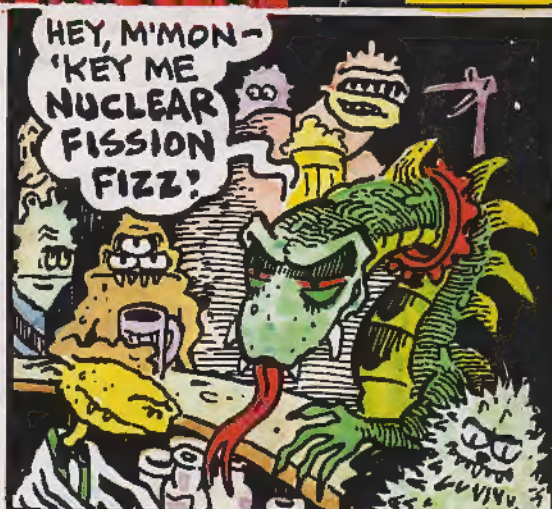
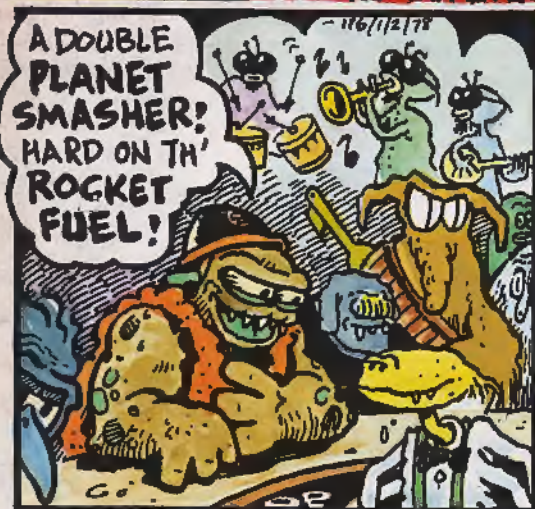
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STAR WEEKLYS

THE BARROOM SCENE



STAR WEEVILS
space fightin' in the
microcosm
by
J. Michael Leonard

DR. ELBOW WINESTAIN'S "THEORY OF RELATIVITY" CONTENDS THAT THE BASIC ATOM IS ACTUALLY A UNIVERSE UNTO ITSELF... THAT THE ATOMS OF THIS SUBMICROSCOPIC UNIVERSE ARE, IN TURN, UNIVERSES UNTO THEMSELVES... AND SO ON AD INFINITUM! AND IN EACH OF THESE UNIVERSES THERE EXISTS BILLIONS UPON BILLIONS OF STARS SUPPORTING INHABITABLE PLANETS... AND ON ALL THESE PLANETS THERE ARE A WHOLE BUNCH OF LITTLE CRAZY PEOPLE... FIGHTING LIKE CRAZY WITH EVERYTHING FROM JAGGED ROCKS TO COMPUTERS...
ALL THE TIME !!

INSIDE
↓

CUT
OUT

SO COME ON ALL YOU JUNIOR SPACE CADETS... SLAP ON YOUR PROTECTIVE HEAD GEAR AND YOUR MAGIC DECODER RINGS AND YOUR SPACE PISTOLS AND ALL THAT OTHER GOOD STUFF, AND CLIMB INTO YOUR TRUSTY "GALACTIC RAPIDE" WITH THE DOUBLE BARREL LASER CANNONS AND THE COSMIC OVER-DRIVE, AND GET YOURSELVES UP THERE AMONGST THE STARS DOG-FIGHTING WITH THE ALIEN INVADERS WHERE YOU BELONG!!

FIG. A

INSTRUCTIONS:



LASER PORTALS

PUNCH TINY PIN HOLES THRU LASER PORTALS AS INDICATED...

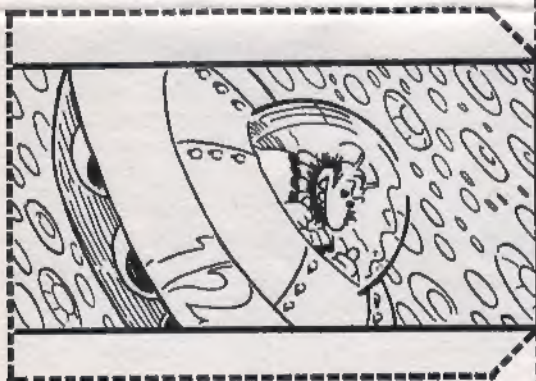


"The future exists
millions of years in
the past!"

**AUTHENTIC!
REALISTIC!**

**YOU WON'T BELIEVE
YOUR EYES!**

OUTSIDE
↓



INSTRUCTIONS:

- ① CUT OUT THE CROSS, FOLLOWING THE DOTTED OUTLINE.
- ② CUT OUT THE "SPACE VIEWER" CIRCLE.
- ③ USING A STRAIGHT PIN OR A SEWING NEEDLE, PUNCH A TINY PIN HOLE THRU EACH OF THE LASER PORTALS (SEE OTHER SIDE... FIG. A)
- ④ FOLD INTO OBLONG BOX SHAPE AND GLUE (OR TAPE) THE FLAPS DOWN.



**STAR
WEEVILS**

©'79

J. Michael Leonard

HOW IT WORKS:

- HOLD THE BOX IN FRONT OF A BARE LIGHT BULB (WORKS BETTER IF LIGHT IS "ON")...
- AS YOU PEER INTO THE SPACE VIEWER, MOVE THE BOX BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF THE BARE LIGHT BULB...
- WATCH THE LASER BEAMS FLASH AND - **WHOA** - YOU GOT SPACE FIGHTIN' IN THE MICROCOSM !!

WARNING!

**ABSOLUTELY NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR DEATH OR INJURY RESULTING FROM
LASER AND/OR RAY GUN FIRE !!**

